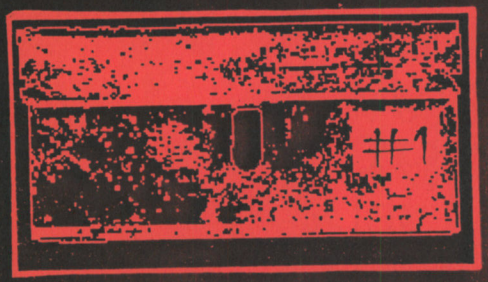
WE WANT THE WORLD AND



WE WANT IT ON FIRE

RORSCHACH

Photo stolen from 'extent' zine

"the perfumed scen
of economic stabilit
dulled the stench of
burning flesh - turned
their heads and pre-
tended but they could
idle from their blood
soaked conscience.
injected a plethora of
green into your brin
corpse - you've dead -
and buried - remai
sedate, remain sedate
with conviction, genoc
crucifixion it still occ
on all scales - do you
feel the guilt?"

we want the world and we want it on fire

O my soul, do not aspire to immortal life
But rather exhaust the limits of the possible

The most important thing to recognise here, I guess, is that 'nolongerblind' zine is fucking dead. Interestingly enough, I declared to my bedroom walls that I was not going to put out the planned final issue, the magnus opus of my zine career one week before my computer decided to shit the bed on me and delete all the files I had planned for the final issue. I managed to salvage the interview I did with Greg Bennick from TRIAL, and that was about it.

Why start a new zine after declaring the death of my other one? At the moment, it's basically to publish a zine about all the things that set my world on fire: be they musically, literally, or personally. It isn't a handbook of arson: although, it is aiming to a world when all those fucking shopping malls and expensive yuppie resorts are set on fire, physically. It's more an attempt to involve myself with everyone around me that wants more out of life that the consumerist death most people seem content with (and I know you aren't, motherfuckers, so start setting things alight!) and promote, provoke and challenge the art that I've come across that has brought beauty into my life.

What I'd really like to do is write a very collected and concise description of what this entails, and perhaps give a more substantial justification for burning 'nolongerblind', but it's 12:30am, [redacted] and tomorrow I am supposed to quit uni, get a job, and save up to go overseas again, while (hopefully) completing this zine sometime soon.

So, what I am planning on doing is putting out a few smaller issues to get a feel for what I am doing before I embark on larger, more substantial projects. I don't want to give you the impression I haven't worked on this: realistically, I have spent hours and days on it by the time you read it, and it's something that I love doing.

This is why everytime I stop doing one zine I start another. I have been doing this for five years now, and can count on the fingers of both hands the number of DIY hardcore zines I've worked on in this time. This is the first that isn't strictly a hardcore zine: it would probably make most *sense* to those with some exposure to the history and culture of the hardcore community, but I haven't created it strictly for the community as it exists. More, for anyone in this world interested in causing trouble and challenging themselves in all the ways punk rock has challenged me: to be an individual, fighting every day to be true and honest with myself and those around me. But hardcore is such a subjective term, anyway, and what's hardcore to me is 'too metal' to one kid, 'too punk' to another, 'to political' to a third, and 'too hardcore' to a fourth. I am not interested in all the pathetic retards interested in impressing one another with macho attitudes and mysoginy, or those caught up in consumerist self pity: they can have their hardcore! I'm not saying what is and isn't hardcore. I am far more interested in setting things on fire than arguing about things like that.

If the condition of life continues to digress at the rate and mode it is now, there will be no condition of life. What is needed among us all is a sense of strength and empowerment to evolve past the senseless fate we'll all meet if orthodox remains. This is as arbitrary as the rate of population growth to the stupor and pain most people are content to suffer because no alternative is offered: the drugs, the debt, the depression. All framed by a system valuing inane concepts as money, god and social standing over an individuals sense of autonomy and joy. What we need, then, is to act in loyalty to ourselves, for she is who is able to nurture and love themselves can look past the trinkets and distractions of this insane system, to nurture and care for others. If we are to live, then this must involve open defiance to a system defining us as worthless, and a concious evolution from a conflict oriented world to one of generosity and co-operation.

This zine openly endorses the spirit of the do-it-yourself, think-for-yourself ethic of the punk rock and hardcore movement, and is part of a current of agitation of which the world has not heard the last. It sets forth a simple contribution to the international revolutionary movement. It's importance had better not escape anybody, for nobody, in time, will be able to escape it's conclusions.

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bjelke
peterson
youth
(photo: sasha)
art courtesy of
nate hunankide
the
spitz
(photo: sasha)

more information

The reason I am involved in hardcore comes down to the fact that I love the music. From the dirty rock n roll of the Sex Pistols to the tech-metal of Converge, the ugly crust mess of Amebix to the tough bravado of Integrity, I have listened to this music in some form or shape every single day of my life for fucking years on end.

And ultimately, all this zine exists to do is document the music that I love, and the culture surrounding the music. The music I am interested in is written by people with fire in their mouth. People who refuse to compromise with the music 'industry', who refuse to compromise themselves for their peers, parents or various authorities. This element of alienation from mainstream society and a refusal to compromise or conform one's art (music) is what has kept me here.

At the moment, the Australian hardcore scene is fucking incredible: bands like Headless Horsemen, Deadstare, the Stockholm Syndrome, Far Left Limit, St Albans Kids, Dying Breed, Banjo-Paterson Youth, the Spitz, Things Fall Apart, Three Found Dead, Worse Off, Pure Evil, DotDotDot, Plea Of Insanity... hard working labels like Shortfuse and Deplorable... and zines? Well, there are plenty of great zines: In Til Stumps, Personality Liberation Front, FrogsNFlies, Set Fire To My Home... but I feel like I have something different to offer than any of them. I want to do a hardcore zine with a consistent, regular publication and a high enough print run that it can be a reliable tool in networking all these amazing bands and people. And this, hopefully, will be it...

What I'd really like to come out of this zine is an intelligent exchange of challenging ideas, and not a stale repition of everything that's been attempted since I first began writing in and for punk zines five years ago. '...On Fire' exists as a medium to collaborate with the people I see are making challenging and confronting music / art, to document the Australian DIY hardcore / punk scene and promote some of the bands, past and present, that I feel have made an impact upon this culture, this community.

I forgot to mention in the introduction I have an email address. Keeping in mind that I fucking despise using the internet, you can get in touch with me at: xonxfirex@hotmail.com.

Finally, this zine was completed sometime during April of 2002. This is the last section I have written for it as I take it in to be printed midway through July of the same year. A huge thanks to Emma for lending me the money to print this, and to everyone who encouraged me that printing this was actually worth the trouble. Next issue out sometime soon, featuring an interview with Starkweather (US) and a retrospective on Inside Front Magazine (US), among other things...

contents

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BURN, BABY, BURN: Four excursions into my pretentious opinions, with a conclusion of 'fuck all you fake nihilists', for all the 'I give a fuck about not giving a fuck' posers in hardcore

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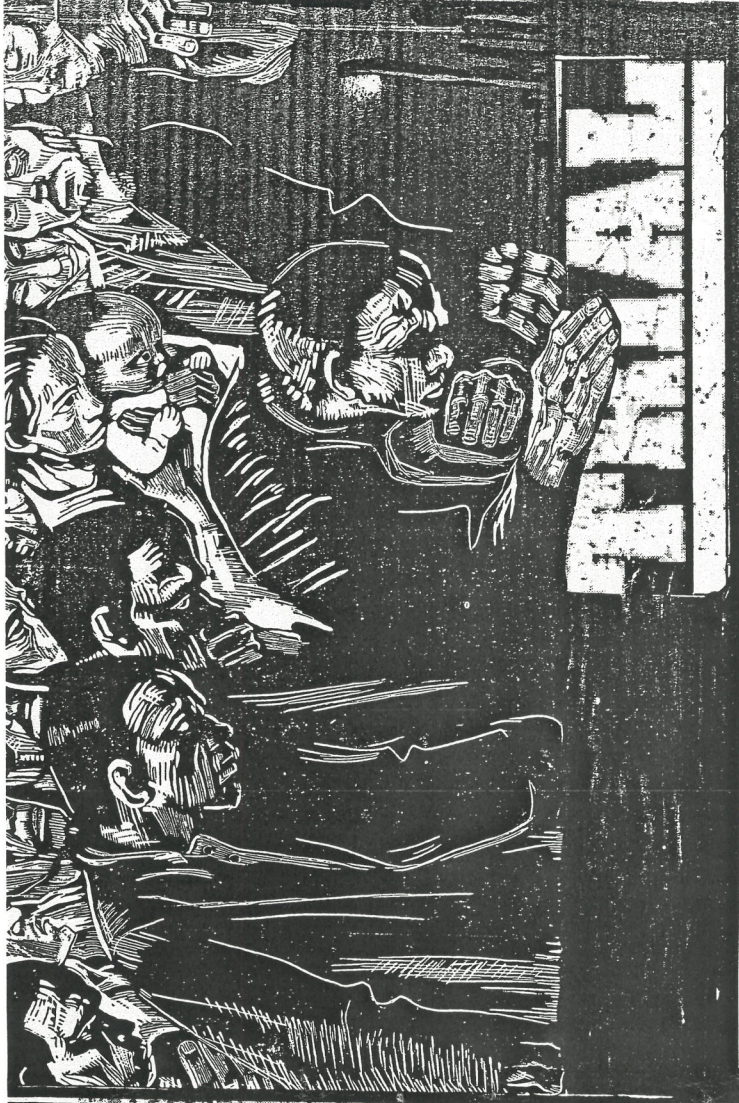
FINAL WORD: A tribute to the late and great Mean Season, for anyone who owns 'Only The Strong 1995'

BACK COVER: Art stolen, the CrimethInc part going out to the incredibly incoherant critique by Ryan Splint in 'Screw This Town' zine...



Are these our lives?: A Requiem for TRIAL

As far as straight edge hardcore goes, you would be hard pressed finding a band as amazing and awe inspiring as Seattle's TRIAL: along with CHOKEHOLD, I would argue they were the most important straight edge band of the 1990's. In a genre typified by infantile analysis of the social and cultural implications of broad terms like 'straight edge' and 'hardcore', TRIAL's intelligence and power, musically and lyrically, was enough to make me interested in the possibilities and potentials of this music and community, after spending time deliberating - as many of us do - on exactly why I listened to this music and participated in this community. TRIAL set my world on fire: their rage at all the senseless tragedies, and their pain at our acceptance of them, was so sincere, honest, and passionate to an extent I hadn't experienced in any hardcore music, ever.

In the later months of 2000, TRIAL broke up. Their final record, 'Are These Our Lives?', was their magnus opus: into it, they put all of the musical creativity and lyrical genius that defined their earlier releases in smaller doses. The beauty of the string sections which open and close this record, the rage in Greg's voice as he pleads "are we the dead?", and the double-kicks, oh, the double-kicks.

What follows is a requiem of sorts for a band that inspired me to demand this world, on fire.

I am going to try something different in this instance, owing to the fact that the bands defining moment, personally, was the release of their final record: And I don't think that many people will disagree with me there. I have taken the liberty of compiling some of the relevant written material I have amassed from TRIAL's five year history, be it interviews, essays and articles, and collated it in relation to each song on the record. The purpose is twofold: first, because the lyrics from this record hold place as some of the greatest lyrics ever written, and to not print them with a retrospective like this would be insanity; second, because I wanted to indicate that TRIAL weren't one of those bands who wrote songs, played, and went back to their lives. They, like so many of the bands which actually mean something to me, were dedicated to living by the ideals they professed, and diseminated among the community. And, they effected so many people: this is why I have written short explanations of exactly how and why TRIAL is so important to me. In a world of tired rock groups and insincere musicians interested in speaking loud only, TRIAL were a part of a subversive current of which the world has not heard the last.

the wreckage of humanity has been strewn across the land
and now the hour of desperation is at hand
we, the maggots, feed off the dead
seeking solace in our bed of broken glass
we bleed infected water beneath bright skins of polished steel
through empty, yearning, starved frustrated hearts
which long for risk and reason

this is a standard and sterile half life to lead and empty facades conceal slow decay

within these new dark ages which breed discontent
to give up all hope to see the dawn
reveals a victims face beneath the veneer
struggling to show it's been wronged

let astray by the myths of the father
with ancient wounds often ignored
fighting for scraps on the table
while slowly we rot on the floor

struggling for balance amid these unholy lies reflecting terror and chaos

we are born into suffering with constructs, ideals, icons and eyes
which manifest and forecast our fear of our own demise

but on the eve of the apocalypse you can burn these words into my flesh:

'we are the tortured and insane disillusioned and mundane
unknown and unnamed desperate and enslaved
and we want something more'

The mass of our society, standardised as it is, yearns for the closeness and comfort of the communities remembered somewhat atavistically or idealised in the sterile, blandness of what exists. To forget that society, humanity, is made up of individual people, human beings, all involved and interrelated, all suffering their own personal tragedies and celebrating their personal triumphs, is common in such a fragmented, separated world. The hour of desperation is at hand: the world is straining under the weight of the Western sky and it's self destructive culture, and the individuals who populate it are stifled under the facades constructed by it's self denial. But we, the tortured and insane, disillusioned and mundane, unknown and unnamed, desperate and enslaved, we all have a stake in demanding more than standard, sterile half lives.

FROM FINAL INTERVIEW, CONDUCTED WITH GREG BENNICK OVER THE PHONE LATE 2000, FOR 'WE WANT THE WORLD...' #1

What memory of Trial means the most to you, what sticks in your mind the most?

There are a number of memories that are astoundingly potent in my mind, and it would be hard to pick one. I'll write you a list! Probably one of the most significant moments the band experienced by far, was we were on stage in Bellingham, Washington about three years ago and it was a small show. The woman I was dating at the time was there, at the show, and up until that time she had never told anyone that she had been a victim of sexual assault. When we started to play 'Scars' that night, she was up close to the stage. She stood there at the front, surrounded by these big hardcore boys, and she grabbed the mic. Instead of singing a line of 'Scars', which is of course about sexual assault, she sang the whole song. She didn't do the hardcore pose, or get on stage and jump off. She just stood there and screamed the words from the depth of her gut. I sang along with her, and by the end of the song she was in tears. She had had a cathartic experience. I was in tears, and everyone at the show who was watching had taken a few steps back, and everyone knew that something incredibly significant had just happened. Women who were at the show came up to her after the set and disclosed to her that they had been victims of sexual assault, and they asked her where she found the strength to share with people publicly the way she had. She, through her cathartic experience, had caused other people to have a cathartic experience in regards to sexual assault and processing the experiences they had had. In terms of the band and the work that we considered the band wanting to achieve, and especially I, with my contribution to the band being to write lyrics that were as potent as possible, all I can probably ever hope for to occur was for someone to, not only understanding what was being said, but feel such a deep connection to the lyrics that they would be able to take them on and undergo some sort of transformative experience as a result. Not only did Siobhan have that experience, but she allowed other people to have the same experience. It was overwhelming. I couldn't stop thinking about it for months, and even today, when someone asks me the most meaningful moment of the band that always pops into my head first, but as I said I could write a list.

Even just playing. We played at Warsaw, in Poland, and we drove 20 hours to get to the venue and got there 6 hours after we were supposed to be at the venue. We walked into the basement of this cold, dark, snowy city and 250-300 people had waited for an hour after the last band had played to see us. We didn't even know that we'd be able to play! So, when we came out, we opened with the first song on the LP, 'Reflections', and the place went insane. Absolutely insane. I – almost! – have never seen a show like it, there's only a dozen shows in the history of Trial that it had gone that crazy. To be halfway around the world, in Warsaw, and have it be one of the best shows we had ever played in terms of the action and enthusiasm of the crowd... I don't think we could ever have asked for anything more, than to feel such a shared experience of such power and emotion.

But, that's just another one of many experiences, and I could probably write a book about it, not from the perspective of "we did this" and "we were important", but rather saying "here are some things that actually happened in hardcore". And all too often you can become really disillusioned, because all too often nothing happens. Let's just say, you and I are going to go to a show, and – I don't know where there's big shows, in Brisbane or Sydney – and we're going to go see NOFX and whatever rock tour is coming through town. Now these might be really good bands, the Offspring might be a really talented band, I don't know, and, NOFX or Good Riddance even. So, after we watch the bands, what happens? Nothing. I mean, we pay our money, we go in, we dance around and bump into eachother, and we go home.

That's the story of a lot of hardcore shows I've been to. I mean, like you said, we're... like at a basketball game or something.

What I'll say is this. It's very easy to write simple lyrics. It's very easy. And, what I learned over the course of Trial's existence is that it's very, very, very hard to write good lyrics. With the new record, I was very, very happy, and still am, very, very happy with the lyrics. I have copy of the Trial record literally sitting in front of me. I'm always looking at it, I'm always happy with it.

What lyrics are you most happy with?

I would say the whole record. I started writing the lyrics after Timm started writing the music, and the music took longer, but I took 18 months writing these lyrics and I wrote the lyrics so that the entire record could be read as one 43 minute long song. There is references in all the songs to all the other songs, so it all works as one, so it's hard to say which song is my favourite song. I guess there's different aspects of the record that mean different things. I think 'Reflections' and 'When There's Nothing Left To Lose' are incredibly significant songs, and that if I could share them... literally share them with the world, like if I could have them on the front of every newspaper, the beginning of every television program, and in a direct piece of mail to every person in every household, translated to every village and every obscure township in the world... just to see the conversations that would come out of them. That record is really meant to work as a whole.

every voice you've silenced and every life you've taken
recollections from your distant past
the tortured and the dying from your legacy of hatred
are back to echo in your ears
screams you thought for sure wouldn't last

because you can't kill an idea, i will not be ruled
because you can't kill an idea, we will not be ruled

'disrupt, misdirect, isolate and neutralise'
like the trudell's who burned alive in '79
now those enemies of the hour are the focus of this moment
for as long as we are here
every voice remains alive

because you can't kill an idea, i will not be ruled
you can't kill an idea and we will not be ruled by fear

i pledge no allegiance to the flag of the undeniable mistakes of america
when due to the plutocracy for which it stands
so many nations and their gods have become invisible
with liberty and justice reserved for the precious chosen few
let our allegiances remain with those betrayed by the façade
for the calm is an illusion

'the struggle is not over, it assumes new forms'
for no matter what the face, no matter what the name
it's still… war

the laws are silent in times of war

WAR BY OTHER MEANS

ONE STEP AWAY

facing brutality i struggle with morality
i don't think that i can take it anymore

indoctrinated into cultural norms functionless forms
'dominate and bleed, infect with greed' and we succumb

i aggressively inherently
are the illegitimate child of the gun intertwined with the dollar sign
and now, as i walk through the valley of the shadow of death
i have become your evil, and your hate is within me
for the rod and the staff have taught me all too well

these hands would drip with blood if i traded truth for certainty
power beckons to the unsure and afraid the atavists of ignorance who initiate…

our bodies cast the show over everyone who has ever lived
and all the gods, all the demons all the heavens and the hells are within us…
but that i, privileged revolutionary, could perscribe rites of passage for all?
when preparing bloody defences, let our lineage remain clear:
armenia, nanking, east timor, cambodia, rwanda, iraq, kosovo
the shattered lives and battered wives
underscored by forceful lives are inside of us
inside of me

i aggressively inherently could destroy humanity - i'm only one step away
with one single blow unjustified - i'm only one step away

caught between rule or be ruled, want or want not, with no easy way out

FROM TRIAL INTERVIEW CONDUCTED WITH GREG IN PERSON SEPTEMBER 1999 FOR 'FBI' #2.

When you say "I aggressively inherently could destroy humanity" in the song 'One Step Away', is it because you believe humans are inherently aggressive and we have a preset 'human nature'?

Absolutely. At a base level our lives are founded on aggressive behaviour. That doesn't mean we fight eachother in the street and kill eachother indiscriminately when we wake up in the morning. What I am saying is, think about the point of conception – millions of sperm beating the crap out of eachother to fertilise the egg – there's competition and aggressive head-to-head conflict at that level. I think that from the time we are born our lives are structured around finding food by any means necessary, finding shelter by any means necessary, maintain health by any means necessary, and this in and of itself maintains and creates aggressive behaviour. I am going to reiterate that it doesn't mean we are excessively cut-throat and out to destroy one another. It does mean that heirarchy developes naturally within humans.

So, *should* we try to get rid of heirarchy?

Well, that's one of the reasons that TRIAL, if it were possible for a hardcore band to exist permanently, could never break up because our work could never be finished. By that, I mean heirarchy will never be eradicated and I honestly believe that oppression will never be eradicated. I think that, because I work with Seattle Rape Relief – they are very vocal and do anti-oppression work, and want to rid the world of oppression, and I don't think that will happen. What I do think is that we as a people need to look collectively at the heirarchies that do exist in our lives, and the ones we support and maintain, and deconstruct those as much as possible. That's why I tell people, even at hardcore shows, if you don't know the lyrics to TRIAL, come up front and sing into the mic as much as you want during our set. Don't create a heirarchy of people who know the words and people who don't. Anytime we see constructs like that, I try to circumvert them and see what happens.

This is the next question on lyrics: I am not sure what you mean in that song by, "but that I, priveleged revolutionary, could perscribe rites of passage for all"... and then, you go on to talk about areas of genocide in the world. I am not sure what you are getting at.

What I was getting at about the priveleged revolutionary, is that it is easy for me to maintain a position of non-violence given the background I have. I grew up about fifteen miles from here (Brookfield, CT) in, not an affluent community, but a community I felt comfortable enough that I didn't have to worry that much as a young kid, in terms of finding food, or my parents being murdered by secret police, my brothers and sisters raped in front of my eyes. I didn't have to worry about things like that. It's easy given that construct of a life to say that everyone, everywhere, should be non-violent in terms of social change and revolutionary activism, but for many people around the world that isn't true. I don't know if you are familiar with punk rock and hardcore in South America, but there are some communities where punk rock band members have been dragged out into the street and shot dead. Given a situation like that, or more realistically in widespread human suffering like what's going on in Chiapas and the EZLN, and their revolution down there. They could not take it any more, they could not let the Mexican government wreck their lives year after year after year. Finally, it came down to 'we have to take up arms'. Who am I to say it's wrong to take up arms because I've lived most of my life non-violently? 'Priveleged Revolutionary' is my recognition of my own privelege as a white male. The privelege is granted by the society around me. Recognition of that status, identification of that status, because I cannot make universal judgements as to how people should change their lives for the better.

So, then, being a priveleged revolutionary – which is basically what we are here, being from an affluent white community – does that give me any say in revolution because I've had it so good? I have no problem getting food, shelter...

I think you have just a valid voice as anybody. I think recognition of that privelege is important when crating a world view. The record, for example, since we are answering questions about the record, was one where I tried to write as objectively as possible, inclusive of as many perspectives and people as I could. In doing that I wanted to make sure that my identity was spelled out, so a listener somewhere wouldn't read the record and not know where I was coming from or feel alienated, but know where I was coming from specifically. People know, given that phrase 'privileged revolutionary', that I've had a certain background and that's what has formulated the opinions on the record overall; they could use that to judge their opinions about it. But I think whether they're from an affluent community or a poor community, our voices when used alone or when in conjuntion with other people, are very powerful. You have every right to be a revolutionary or activist in whatever you choose. In fact, because you have an affluent background, you have some understandings about things someone not from that background wouldn't have. Even between you and I and our upbringings, I know things about a different cultural level and how to talk to people on a level you might not know about. And you might know how to talk to people in ways I don't. Just as someone who grew up in a very poor community knows how to talk to people in ways neither of us know about. We could all use that information to help one another and strengthen eachother's causes.

IN THE BALANCE

while i choke, strangled by the hands of time
my life slowly slips away
these dollars i save aren't worth the days i spend
with images of freedom as lies in my head

the hand that feeds will always bleed me dry
through these hours, these minutes, these moments of mine

intensify

for no one else will guide the way
break the silence before it breaks us

down to a point from which there's no escape
where regret destroys whatever life remains
and you when you've told yourself a lie
the path of least resistance destroys you in time

is it heresy to want to live today? that's not asking too much
when so many are barely getting by and starving in the streets
while in denial of death yet still afraid to break free
we grovel beneath the pantheon of security
assured as we sell our dreams to buy our pain
that 'the meek shall inherit', when only the strong will reign
all life hangs in the balance and i won't wait until it drops

i can't wait i might not have another day
i have to live
i might not have
even one more day

FROM FINAL INTERVIEW, CONDUCTED WITH GREG BENNICK OVER THE PHONE LATE 2000, FOR 'WE WANT THE WORLD...' #1

Whatever, artform or hobby it is where you find beauty in it's simplicity, I think Joseph Campbell hit on something really profound when he said that if there was a true line through mythology over the eons of humankind than have existed, a bottom line, it would be "follow your bliss"! That's at the core of the work that he studied. I would suggest that whatever you find bliss in, it could be anything, even just feeling the cold Earth under your feet, that action is at the core of the writings that we've been talking about, what they are aiming towards: just getting down and doing something that gives you bliss, something that makes you feel alive and experiencing life.

Is juggling the only connection for you?

It's the one thing that I do that I really created on my own, and I'm not trying to say that I'm a "self-created individual" because that's not true, I'm a subset of all the people around me. I read this brilliant book called 'The Denial of Death' by Ernest Becker, and I cannot proclaim it's value enough. Becker's point was in one of the chapters called 'The Spell Cast by Persons: The Nexus Of Unfreedom'. Becker's point was that we are each a subset of all those around us – not in that I'll hang up the phone and have an Australian accent for 30 minutes – more like, our entire sense of self is developed by us in reaction and in reflection to the people around us, with our entire being and outlet on the world. Our immortality projects, the things we do to add some sense of immortality to our lives, all of these immortality projects that we create ultimately mean that we act in reaction to all those around us and are entirely unfree. We are reflections of all those around us, so take that and balance that out with the lyrics of 'Saints and Sinners' and you'll have a real puzzle to figure out on your hand!

How do you apply this to your life, this idea?

When I first started juggling, I taught myself. I mean, I copied some of the juggling tricks I saw, but what it meant to me and what I learned from it, was largely done on my own. I'm not going to say all of it, because as Ernest Becker says, and I agree, that there are aspects of everyone around me in everything I do. But, it's the one thing in my life that is closest to me and what I am. How do we apply the idea of the Nexus of Unfreedom to our lives? I really think that just as you and I spoke before of activism, and idealised reality and truth at times, and I used Campbell's metaphor of an opera for it. Just like life, it hurts. But the idea is that we stay in it right now. We don't just hang up the phone and say "Gosh, this is too much to bare, dammit we're going to die in five minutes or fifteen years, I have to go and mourn my own death". We have to stay in it to appreciate the wonder of it all.

By the same token, just as my actions might be inspired or influenced by others around me down to the core of my being, I need to express that through the artistry of my juggling – and I don't mean that in some, you know, important and eccentric... ah... what's the word...

Artiste?

Right, Artiste with an e on the end! *(laughter)* The art that I create while I'm juggling, meaning the synthesis of my body, my mind and my outlook on the world: the actual craft that I become while I'm juggling, is the way that I reconcile with myself that yes, I may well be entirely unfree. The process of juggling is a metaphor for the nexus of unfreedom. I juggle for myself, but the craft is demonstrative: others watch it and react, and I judge my performance accordingly. Likewise, if I am not creating the juggling from a place of deep passion, for myself, then there is nothing happening which is deeply fulfilling for me. The final product is the sum of many such complex opposites.

When I think about death, and the fear of death and how it effects our lives, I realise it is not death that we risk by trying to live the way that we do (or want), it's life that we risk by not living the way that we do.

Right.

The very fact that we are having this discussion, the very fact that we are talking about things that we are not <u>meant</u> to, it shows something about the way that we live.

Exactly. It tells a lot about the way that we live. It shows that you and I are taking steps into the most terrifying places the human animal will ever experience. Everyone experiences the thoughts and feelings we are discussing, but not everyone takes the time to feel the fear and single out what their ideas are on the matter. We grow up largely oblivious to these thoughts, fears and feelings because it is not taught in our culture, and it is not sold to us each day. Life, in terms of the promise of a better life, is sold to us everyday, but never the reality of an actual life, with all of it's implications. Because how would you sell this? How would you sell the terror surrounding death which the human animal experiences and reacts to on a day to day basis? How would you package it? How would MTV or VH1 or CNN sell this? And who would want to buy it?

she's tried so hard to fit the mold to embrace the image she's been sold
she'll binge and purge to fill her soul but she's wasting away

he thinks the cure for his frustration lies in the battering of what he despises
the children face his ruthless eyes they'll grow up blind with tears of rage

in agony eternally, but are we practising our anger well?
cowering in corners, can we find freedom beneath the blows?
crawling like roaches, awaiting mercy from the merciless
decimated, alienated, with nothing left to lose

left to die alone he fights disgrace not immune to even the fear he'll face
as he comes to know he's been condemned by those who profit from his pain

her golden years have rusted through now there's nothing left for her to do
to demand the respect she longed for in her youth
and hope that when her time comes that she will not have died in vain

are the poisons we endorse worth more than our flesh?
is the only peace we'll know awaiting us in death?
i've reached the limit
there's nothing left to lose
yet a choice still remains to survive

i claim this life i claim this hope
i claim these horrors for my own

i claim it all

WHEN THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE

FROM TRIAL RADIO SHOW, AS REITERATED BY GREG IN HIS ARTICLE 'SHATTERING THE ILLUSION OF PERFECTION' IN INSIDE FRONT #12

In 1991 I moved to Seattle. I was at a party on Capitol Hill and I met a girl there and had a one night stand with this girl... had unprotected sex with her... and caught genital herpes that night. It was an earth shattering experience for me, something that had no precedent in my life, something I didn't understand at all

In time I had some complications come up. The virus, even thought virologists and neurologists can't understand it, the virus actually attacked some parts of my nervous system so that sexually I have experienced numbness over time, starting in 1991, and increasing over time. So, I have found myself in a really difficult position. I found myself in the position of feeling extremely scared and isolated, because our society teaches us to be ashamed, and our society tells us we shouldn't talk about these things.

One in five people have genital herpes. 30 million people in the US. I have no idea how many people experience the numbness that I feel, because noone talks about it, noone even knows about it. People with herpes are embarrassed to talk about it. So I felt so incredibly isolated, and have over the years, because all the messages I receive from the mainstream all the time – from right and left bombardment at all times telling me what I am supposed to be and who I am supposed to be. And I started to question that. I started to question the façade.

We put on this façade, this civilised and fake mask that doesn't reflect our humanity at all. We do that because that's what we were told to do. You open a magazine and you see Kate Moss and she weighs 90 freaking pounds and women think, "I have to weigh 90 pounds to be a woman". We open magazines, and we see men with washboard stomachs, and we think we have to be that in order to be men. Well, that's not true. Whatever you are, that's what you have, and that's your humanity.

We deny ourselves humanity. I realised that was going on with me this past winter. People as close to me as members of the band were always asking me how I was, and I would say "I'm great!". Well, I was shattered inside. I've been dying for a long time over the things I face because I don't understand them. Like I said, I don't even know if I'm the only one. So, in time, dealing with these issues and realising every day I was facing with *lies* made me really question where I was going, made me really question what it means to be a human? What it means, is that we are all hurt, we're all afraid, we all smell bad sometimes, and we get sick. So why do we hide that?

What I realised is that I am human. This culture is not a culture that is only in denial of death – we see that all the time, there is no death anywhere in our culture – but it is also in denial of life. We're afraid to reveal our true selves. And what kills us, what makes our hearts and minds sick, is not that we are damaged, but we are *afraid* to be damaged in the eyes of other people. We deny that damage every day in exchange for a worthless and meaningless façade. And in doing so we all lose.

What I learned over time is that I had to resist that as much as possible, and I resisted that by seeking truth in as many avenues as possible. Those truths turned into songs, and those songs turned into TRIAL.

take what you feel inside of this room and break away
i'll bring the feeling of this moment when i leave
envision what life could be if we moved beyond comfort and ability
we'll rot in this tomb until we start to move
noone is handing change our way
facing each day with so much to say
and in the absence of passion even our screams are worth something

what we want we must create what we risk will be regained
what we'd assume we must forsake what's been destroyed

what have we done? what do i know? how far are you willing to go?
never restricted by who i'm supposed to be
looking beyond all that i can see
to make this a movement again instead of only a scene
do you realise what that means?

what we make of this energy is everything
but in the absence of passion our screams are worth nothing

what we want we must create what we risk will be regained
what we'd assume we must forsake what's been destroyed can be replaced

too many years spent screaming for change
i know now that what remains
is the time i give and the chances i take
in the way i live and the choices i make

UNRESTRAINED

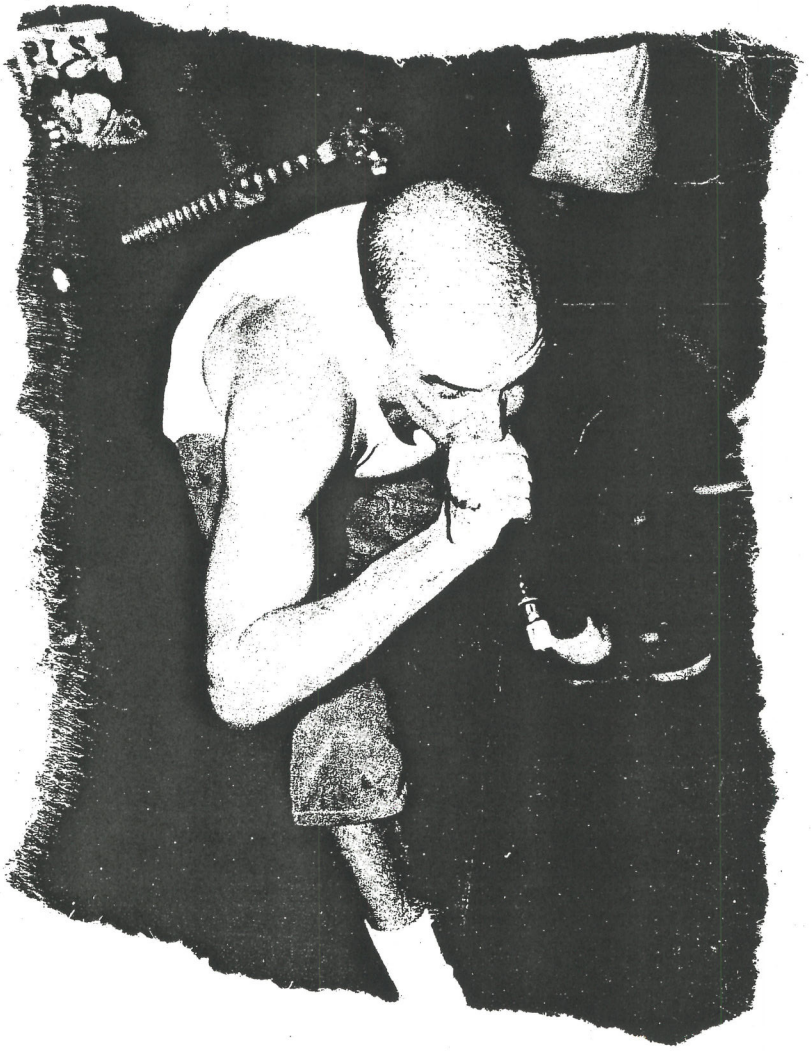
FROM TRIAL INTERVIEW CONDUCTED WITH GREG IN PERSON SEPTEMBER 1999 FOR 'FBI' #2.

Do you think our hardcore movement can become more of a movement instead of just a scene, going along with another lyric, "make this a movement again instead of only a scene".

Let me tell you the story about where that song came from, and maybe that will answer part of your question. We were playing in Victoria, British Columbia, a few years ago, playing our song '500 years', a song about indigenous struggle in America, but it could be about indigenous struggle anywhere. The room we were playing in went absolutely beserk.

You've all been to hardcore shows when a whole room is going insane. I look into the sea of people losing their minds collectively and I thought: "What's going to happen after the show? Is everyone going to wipe the sweat from their eyes and go back to their routine lives, and forget the intensity they brought to this room, this song, this moment?". That would be heartbreaking. I thought to myself, "what if there were some way to collectedly work on issues with that anger and that passion?". That would be a movement. That would be taking hardcore outside of the realm of being nightly entertainment and really making something substantial of it.

So, that was my idea about making hardcore a movement. That means tonight, the six of us don't just see eachother the next time TRIAL is coming through town, or if you are being a roadie for BANE and you come through Seattle, or some crazy thing. It means keeping in touch and sharing ideas, establishing routes of effective communication, and while hardcore hints at this often, I'd like to see more of that.



with empty minds and vacant stares a lifeless generation is drawn to the illusions of endless offered bait: the same selective vision let boxcars carry millions to their cremation inaction masked by pseudo-satisfaction so many lives have burned away

'another night with nothing to do' is an infection
when anger has no motive and force has no direction
a lack of self control invites every distraction
from the holocausts we see and a world in agony
1933 through 1998: children dead at birkeneau or tibetans laid to waste
excuses become our legacy

postponing introspection through denial and self rejection
there is no inevitable oppression we are digging our own graves
afraid of what we feel so our lives remain the same
uphold the status quo as if there's someone else to blame
who will cast away our ashes after we've thrown ourselves into the flames?

'i can always do it tomorrow': well, you might as well be dead today
this is my revolution
the epitaph on our collective graves will read that 'work never made us free'
our strength maintained by never giving in
we have so much to lose, so little time left to begin
for even after we're gone the effects of our legacy will still remain
so we have got to break it

in time alone as the years go by what i feel can't be denied
when tension builds but nothing gets changed
i strive to understand and redefine this rage: and fight for a new legacy

FROM FINAL INTERVIEW, CONDUCTED WITH GREG BENNICK OVER THE PHONE LATE 2000, FOR 'WE WANT THE WORLD...' #1

What really pisses me off about a lot of these writings of a utopian society is where everyone is happy all the time. That's partly why I can't deal with a lot of activists talking about this sort of thing. I can't deal with it. It really pisses me off.

It doesn't exist. There's no point at which all of a sudden capitalism is gone and communism reigns supreme, which is what some people might suggest. Go to Eastern Europe and ask some of the kids there. I mean, not the kids... *(voice raises with fierce determination as he changes the subject for a moment!)* If there is one thing that I wish I could have accomplished with Trial, was to tell everyone in the world as often as possible that the idea of saying "kids" all the time is really defeating, and the reason it's so defeating is because for you at 18, me at 29 and whoever at 24, 25: we're pretty sentient creatures, we're adults. To keep referring to ourselves at kids all the time, of course it continues this idea of some sort of "fountain of youth" that 7 Seconds started when they sung 'Young Til I Die': but it is also kind of ridiculous. The lyrics Trial were writing were never solely intended as the song suggested, strictly 'For The Kids': for children. The music and ideas are for people and even for adult people. Anyway, that's kind of a tangent. *(laughter)* So what were we talking about?

Kids. You were talking about how everyone uses the word 'kids' to refer to people all the time.

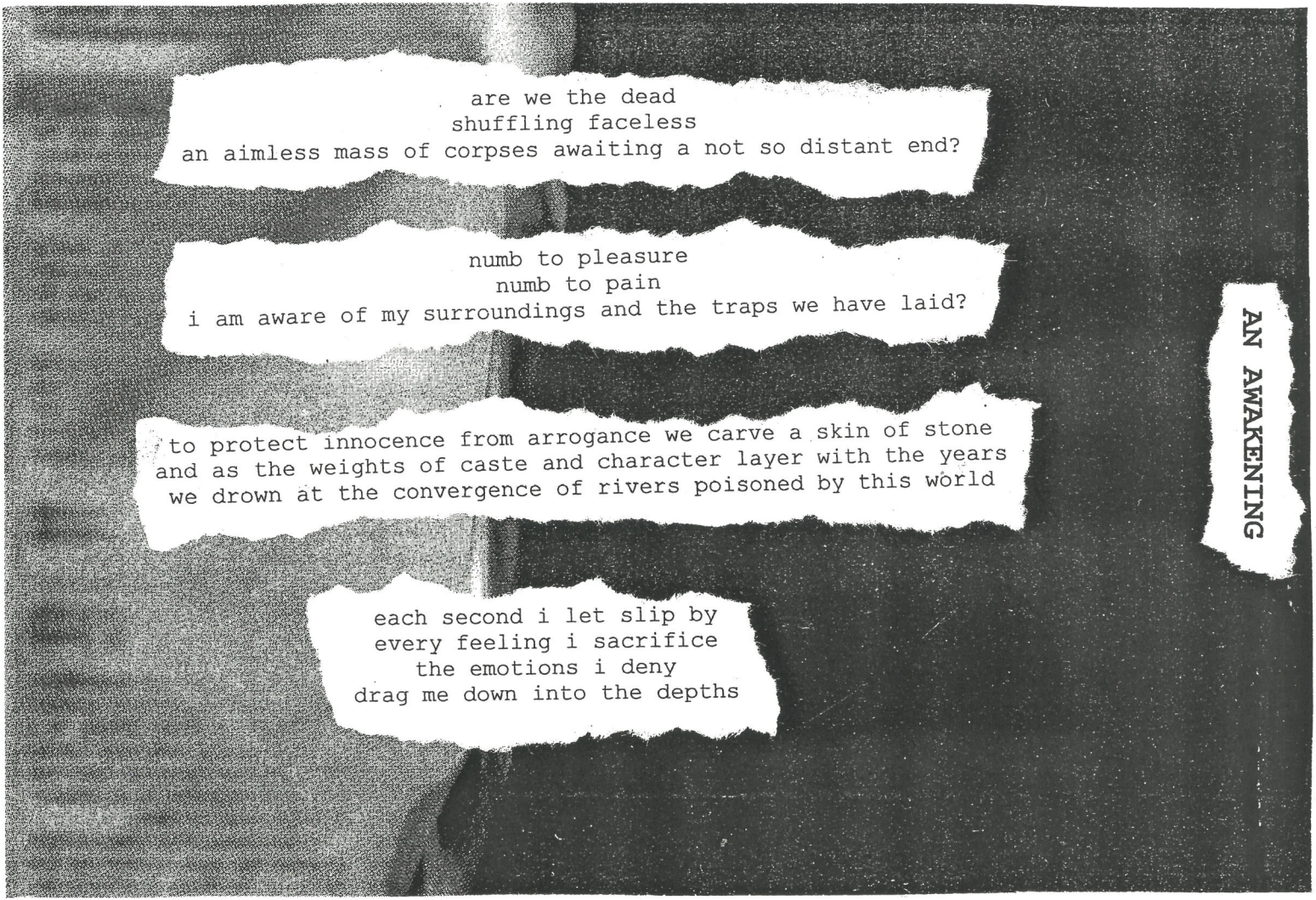
No, no, before that. I was talking about what happens to us, as we go through our lives assuming permanence to the experience of living, when in actuality it most definitely is not. I know what I was going to talk about! You were talking about how utopian ideals in activism, and I was saying that the eradication of capitalism and the establishment of the State were the commune was idealised... and that's where the word 'kids' came up, because I said "go ask the kids in Eastern Europe about Communism". They'll tell you that communism is probably one of the worst things that had ever happened to them! At least a number of people that I was talking to when I was there said those exact words, people in the Czech Republic and people in Hungary, and people in Poland.

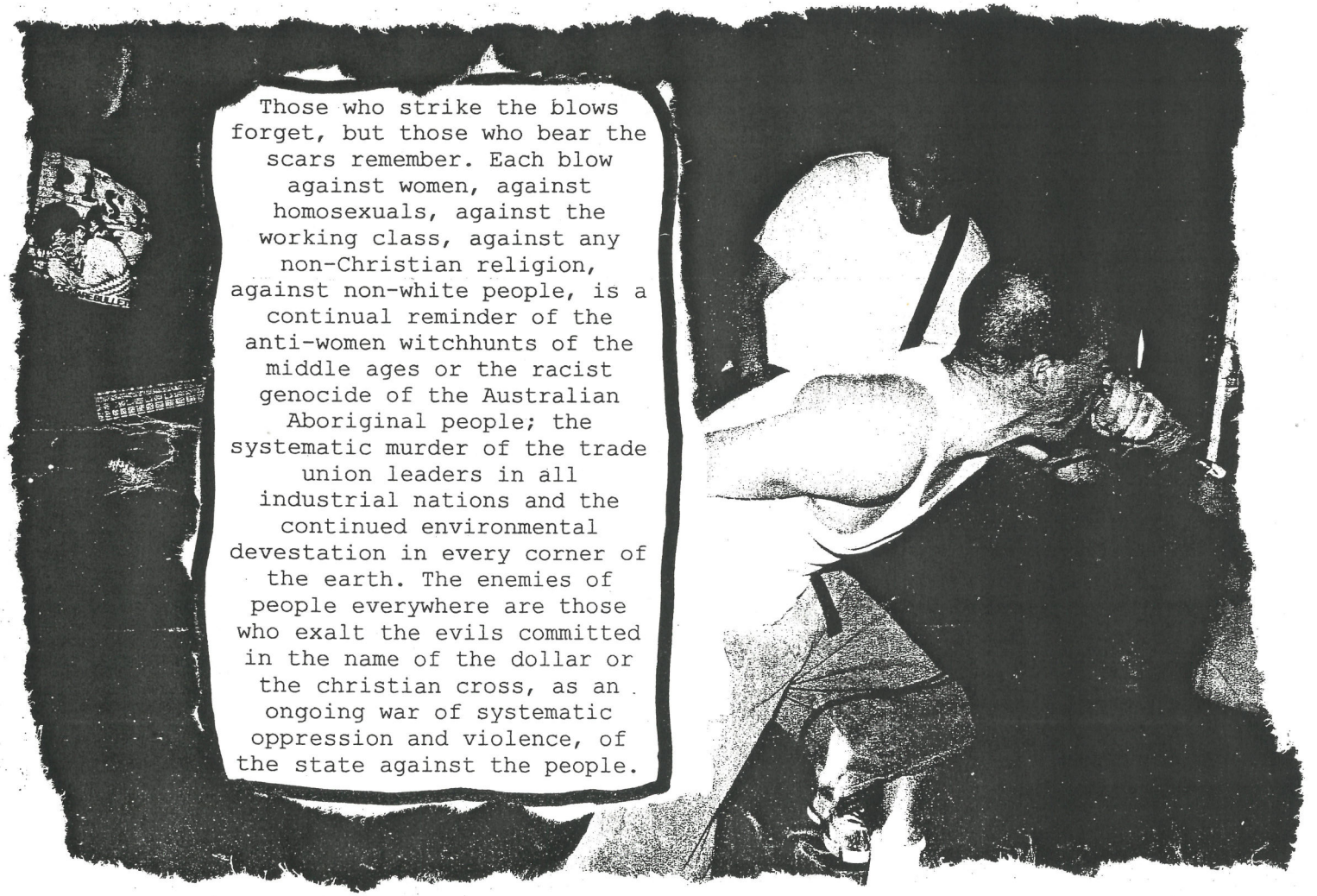
You have to understand there's a dogma that goes along with activism, that seem to suggest that we need to find an absolute answer for all the problems in the world. Granted, I'm vegan and I've been vegan for 10 years, and I would love to see the day when no animals are oppressed, but from what we've been talking about that this idealised world, this perfect utopian place: I don't think that there will be a state in the world where no animals are oppressed. I think it's a fantastic goal to aim towards, and I think that by no means should we give up in trying to find elements of that utopian bliss in our lives, but I think these ideals need to be tempered with reality. And reality dictates that life is exquisitely painful, and filled with death at every turn.

I'd like to see more of this consideration in activism, that people aren't pawns on a chessboard. That they are real, human beings.

Sure, but I think you need to think about this. Any action that you take part in, may have really positive effects, even while these things might be a complete failure, you never know what effects these actions might have. Some things I've thought that have been extremely trivial have resulted in being very important to someone along the way. I was so wrapped up in myself, thinking "Oh, this isn't really doing anything".

But it's definitely a concern. I think they answer to that concern is: stay in it! Joseph Campbell, who did a lot of writing on mythology and the power of mythology, wrote a video series where he is talking about the nature of life and existence. He describes life as an opera, an opera that hurts. *(To me, all opera hurts. Sorry, bad joke. – DAN)* The glory of performance hurts sometimes, but what we are to do is stay in it. We don't just walk off stage, and say "We're done! Let's go find a dingo and chase it around!". *(???)* We stay in it, we stay in the opera. It hurts, and it's joyous and sometimes you're running around on a beach barefoot with your girlfriend in the surf, and other times you're looking at eachother saying "What the fuck is wrong with you?!". That's it, you're in it.


are we the dead
shuffling faceless
an aimless mass of corpses awaiting a not so distant end?
numb to pleasure
numb to pain
i am aware of my surroundings and the traps we have laid?
to protect innocence from arrogance we carve a skin of stone
and as the weights of caste and character layer with the years
we drown at the convergence of rivers poisoned by this world
each second i let slip by
every feeling i sacrifice
the emotions i deny
drag me down into the depths
AN AWAKENING


Those who strike the blows forget, but those who bear the scars remember. Each blow against women, against homosexuals, against the working class, against any non-Christian religion, against non-white people, is a continual reminder of the anti-women witchhunts of the middle ages or the racist genocide of the Australian Aboriginal people; the systematic murder of the trade union leaders in all industrial nations and the continued environmental devestation in every corner of the earth. The enemies of people everywhere are those who exalt the evils committed in the name of the dollar or the christian cross, as an ongoing war of systematic oppression and violence, of the state against the people.

under the ruins of a paradise never to be known
crushed beneath the feet of gods who reap what we have sown
as the industrial neo-fascists slash and burn through flesh
enforse the individual but sacrifice the rest

i want the truth to be told
that we are more than the sum of what we're sold
social darwinist manipulation
multilateral agreements for the devestation of all but the hegemon
while we as one are sacrificed on the altar

in the age of the refugee
this era of death for profit
ideals alone will minimise the fringe
organisation can enhance empowerment:
against forced abortions and sterilisations
clitoridectomy aberrations oil addiction inculcation
while alternatives face negation by those who anaesthetise the mind
and invest in broken lives
disorganise, overpower, exploit and stratify

the distorted promise of free exchange haunts us through the debts we pay to the alliances which turn me against all those around me - and against myself. generation after generation enduring apocalyptic visions in individual private hells with bodies weak and minds distorted with nothing left to sell, while the masters of a new feudal age drink to satisfy an unquenchable thirst, gulping our blood, our sweat…
and spit back lies!

are these our lives?

ARE THESE OUR LIVES?

SAINTS AND SINNERS

i am incomplete, damaged and imperfect
this world is not divided between saints and sinners
forgive me for being human

i struggle, i suffer, i know what it means to survive
this world is crumbling, i'll take my flaws with me and beyond you

beneath it all:
family values with national pride will lead to the new cross burnings
and who will be hanging next from the tree?
who'd have my sister stay at home to feed and mend and tremble?
their place is not on their back or on their knees

we look to anyone to make the trains run on time
and then praise their shovels as we are buried alive
the days pass by unnoticed as we choose not to see the bars
imprisoned for life while free to go on
with a key clutched in our desperate hands all along

beyond these walls i am wounded and scarred
isolate but aware and alive
i alone maintain control
i accept no higher soul
i am my beginning and my end
this is a call for redemption

redemption for all those i know to have been led blind
with the wounds of the forsaken i'm still screaming
and i might stand alone with noone left to listen
but the last words of this song have yet to be heard

FROM FINAL INTERVIEW, CONDUCTED WITH GREG BENNICK OVER THE PHONE LATE 2000, FOR 'WE WANT THE WORLD...' #1

'War By Other Means' speaks to me, musically. But I have to say that 'Saints and Sinners' means a lot to me. At the start of last year (1999), I had to move out of home and live with my girlfriend. It was just a total relationship breakdown between myself and my parents, and when I read the lyrics to 'Saints and Sinners', it reminded me of the stuff I was writing at the time about being kicked out of home, I was writing along the same lines. I was feeling very unloved. I felt "incomplete, damaged and imperfect", and I still carry it with me. 'Saints and Sinners' is the song that I read and I can relate to it completely, it means a lot to me, and if I were to ever write lyrics about said subject I'd want them to come out as yours did.

That's awesome. 'Saints and Sinners' was always the song that got me going beserk live, to say that I love the song would belittle the song. It's more: I am the song. The lyrics are me. 'Saints and Sinners' was inspired by a number of different things. Do you read Inside Front?

Inside Front is probably my favourite zine in the world.

Did you read the last issue, #12? Did you read my column in it? *(Column reprinted a few pages back now!)*

Yes, I actually wanted to ask you about this because... that was amazing.

Awesome. My experiences with Sexually Transmitted Diseases made me feel as if I were absolutely imperfect in a world of seemingly perfect people running around. That was definitely an inspiration for the lyrics to 'Saints and Sinners'. In addition, sharing five years of my life with the other guys in Trial, even though the line-up changed over time, one thing I realised is that as you get closer to people, everyone holds secrets. I don't think I need to share theirs with you, *(laughter)* but everyone has those secrets. When I spend time with people, people who I've become involved with emotionally and romantically, other than band members, you start to realise that everybody in a world of seemingly perfect people is imperfect. I think those feelings of imperfection inspire us to act in ways that create more discomfort and ugliness in the world. This makes us more emotionally and spiritually sicker than we need to be. 'Saints and Sinners' was specifically written to pose the question – a question with no specific wording in the song – "What's going on here? Why is this the case? Why can't I share the innermost, darkest secrets of myself with anyone I please without feeling as though I've violated some moral code of humanity that dictates that I can't have flaws? The last line, was supposed to suggest, that there's more to be said and thought about and implied than this records scope. This record encompassed, I felt, everything I could grasp from my life in terms of lyrics. There's more to be said and thought about from the ideas that I've raised.

I think that the end of 'When There's Nothing Left To Lose' is the same: "I claim this life... for my own". You seem to be saying, "I claim this, this is a part of me and you can't make me feel bad about it or take it away from me".

Yes, absolutely, and whatever that thing is, that night, the night on the radio that I wrote about in Inside Front. I returned home to find 30 or 35 people who had emailed me telling me that "I'd never heard anything like that on the radio, and here's what happened to me". The stories that I was sent ranged from the most brutal circumstances, from sexual assault and incest and domestic violence, down to "my dad is really mad at me because I got a bad grade on a test". The person who wrote this was so sincere, and obviously was in their early teens, and their greatest concern was that their father was mad at them because they failed a test. Now, I could certainly argue that a test is not as significant as being a victim of sexual assault, but the importance for me was for this person on this night the relationship between this person and their father over the test, was of all the importance in the world. That is their struggle, and we all define our struggles differently depending on what happened to us, but that was that person's struggle. It was absolutely their own, unlike anyone else's struggle. 'When There's Nothing Left To Lose' gets to that same idea, that we claim for ourselves what is ours, we

claim our baggage, our pain and suffering, and in claiming it there is beauty to be found in the suffering. It sounds like a crazy idea, but...

Not at all, in fact I can completely relate to that. What would you define to be your struggle at the moment?

I think that there's a certain comfort to be found in sharing your struggle with other people. My struggle at the moment? I think that I could definitely answer that. The whole idea of being comfortable and having everything is an illusion, and it sounds so trite to say it, because of course it's an illusion. Of course the American Dream is an illusion, you know, you work real hard and get a job, that's so cliché. Of course the American Dream is an illusion, of course money cannot buy happiness, that's old news, we know that. I hope that all of we "liberated" – and I say this totally with a great degree of sarcasm – people, us privileged revolutionaries: I hope we all realise exactly how privileged we are. The aspect of comfort is most insidious in our lives, and I think my daily struggle right now, and most definitely the woman I live with, Cynthia, I think I can speak for her as well, her biggest struggle – our biggest struggle is in the idea that people get comfortable being alive. And I know that I get comfortable, I'm very happy being a sentient being on this Earth. The idea that that comfort is finite and that my life is bleeding and will someday end, and it might end in four minutes. I might be about to be hit by a plane of screaming people crashing into my living room! *(laughter)* That idea is so terrifying on a fundamental human level, that it is unbearable. I can't deal with that and I would suggest nobody alive can deal with that. So my current struggle is trying to reconcile my life, and the fact that my life is somewhat impartial with my eventual death. How do I come to terms with that? Especially given, 'When There's Nothing Left To Lose', as I suggested five minutes ago that there is beauty to be found in life, and the wonder that is life, is a combination of joy and suffering. We don't just walk around happy all the time, that's ridiculous.

I want to ask you, is Trial completely finished forever, is it over?

Trial is broken up. We decided that would be best, and the story of the breakup is pretty long and involved and somewhat ugly, but I guess the bottom line is that it's best the band ended on a high note which was the release of our last record, the full length. Most all of us still talk on a regular basis, some of us don't talk as often as we once did. But we're not enemies. Noone in the band is enemies!

It's a sad thing for me, I seriously felt like crying when you broke up. It was after a stage, where hardcore had no more meaning in it for me, that I got your record and it definitely renewed my faith in these ideas, this movement.

When we wrote that record and we were working on the lyrics for that record, I knew that record would last longer than the band. Even if the band was around for five more years, that was going to be the record to define the band. I know exactly what you mean when you say that you felt that sense of loss, because that same amount of intensity went into the creation of the record and – I don't want to sound like I'm stroking my ego – I can see what you mean. Trial was for real when it was around.

Are you going to move on to other things?

Well... you know I'm a professional juggler. I'm going to work on my juggling for a year or so. In that time, I'm going to be writing for several zines. I'm writing a column for Inside Front, I'm going to write something for Reflections and chances are that if you're going to do something after this issue that I'll be writing for that as well. I want to continue writing throughout the year. Maybe a band. Maybe I might focus on a different style of music, or maybe hardcore – I'm not sure. At the moment, I want to focus on juggling for a year and take it from there.

FROM TRIAL INTERVIEW, CONDUCTED WITH GREG THROUGH MAIL MID 2000 BY DX FOR 'NOLONGERBLIND' #8.

The Neitzsche quote you use, and various lyric content, put across an anti-religious sentiment. Do any emmbers of TRIAL have spiritual beliefs surpassing organised religion? Could you elaborate on your thoughts in regard to spirituality?

The quote at the beginning of the record wasn't intended to apply to religion alone. It was really intended to apply to all the lyrics. I wrote the lyrics to 'Saints and Sinners' in response to the violence inherent to Christianity and the corresponding hate and malice in

most organised religion. Christianity is one of the greatest cancers ever unleashed on this Earth. Never before in history has an example of such collective brainwashing taken place, when factual evidence does not support the conclusions reached. The effect of these people's existence has been the subjugation of human lives and of human life (since they are waiting for 'judgement' to be assigned to their 'heaven' and 'hell' afterlife... meaning, this world is only significant insofar as one limits 'sin', whatever that may be...). The domineering aspect of Christianity and the forcing of all those who are unbelievers into it's folds are the strongest evidence of the weakness of the faith overall. Devout Christians who would force the world to believe as they do and Nazi's are differentiated only by the costumes they wear. Make no mistake about it.

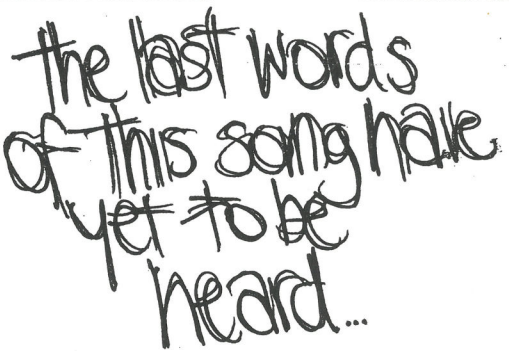
I believe that we are deeply spiritual creatures in that we are motivated thoughout life by an inherent fear of death. The fear of death haunts the human animal relentlessly and we react to it throughout our lives. This reaction takes the form of various posturing (social structures, domineering behaviour etc.) which is supposed to bring us closer to the eternal. After all, the eternal offers life, while the animalistic offers only death as the final stage of growth. Anything which poses a threat to our path toward the eternal is a threat to be dealt with.

This is a part of the human psyche, but what we choose to do with that information is up to us. The devout are often those whose weakness has taken over their life, and allowed the suppression of their life and the lives of those around them. Rather than develop their fear into an artform that could benefit humanity and nature, or at least work in closer conjunction to it, they have taken their fear and created a belief system of violence: their immortality project is their faith, and any person who stands opposed is a potential threat to the faith overall, since that person is denying the potential for the immortal for all. The world is only a stepping stone for them, and they need not respect it in any way. All who stand opposed must be brought into the fold to keep the immortality project intact.

Note the subjugation of indigenous people in the Western hemisphere: native religions were often suppressed or outlawed in favour of Christianity. The indigenous people, who were in touch with their own immortality projects, did not need the Christian faith. In that regard they were a threat that needed to be eradicated (and this isn't to say native people didn't have their own forms of oppression). The history of America shows an imbalance on an almost unfathomable scale of injustices committed in the name of the cross, and it's cohort, the dollar sign. For information on immortality projects and the evils which they create, read The Denial Of Death and The Escape From Evil by Ernest Becker.

To close the CD with a line like "I might stand alone with noone left to listen, but the last words of this song have yet to be heard" alludes to the fact they may never be heard, or at least coming from TRIAL. Is this so?

At this point (6/10/2000) with the band broken up, it seems there is a new angle to consider! Yes, you have nailed it: I wrote the line implying there was more to be heard. Originally I wasn't sure if I was going to vote that song first or last on the record, but it would have worked either way. I am glad we put it last, because the implication, as you noted, is that the words to be heard will be those of someone else, now the bands work has been completed. I guess it is up to myself, the listeners, or some collection thereof to utilise them effectively.



the stolen generation was young
but never free, and these anthems ate
lies make my ears bleed.
i am not proud of this fucking
country, and i mean it from my heart.
Conation

we want the world a

each man is not only himself
they are also the unique part
where the phenomene
once, and for
that is why everyone's secret
in each one the wh
and in each one
thus, i live in my own dreams: o
that's
(adapted fr

nd we want it on fire

nd each woman is not only herself:
cular and always significant point
of the world intersects
ll, and never again.
are important, eternal and sacred.
ke of creation suffers,
saviour is crucified.
ers live in dreams, but not their own.
e difference.
m hesse's *demien*)

We are disillusioned from the sight of fields where plants and trees fade into symbols of profit, where success is a seed sown in a plain of rocks where nothing grows. a new state of mind can allow us to free ourselves from the constant submission that characterizes our lives. no longer will we submit ourselves to complacent and destructive activities. take back our lives and plant the garden which flowers from self-realisation"

from 'adversity into triumph' CD.

<photo by john nash: stolen from slave!>

art by nate

They challenged us there and then: the ability to make dreams flesh would be locked from us forever. And so, we slept on, and glimpsed another world in the fractured mirror of our iris.

And one by one we awoke, pinning these nightmares and fantasies to our chests…

And one by one, in solitude we stood, reaching into hand into hand over chasms of our deepest sorrows, and we gripped as we watched friends and lovers push flat against the darkness, and bit by bit it gave. The flames licked our fingers, yet we held.

We sang as the dreams stayed on, though alone as we were in our own darkness, we were in love with the way it receded into the horizon, and we were in love with the hands that held us.

For every dream that coagulated into tar and oil, for the nightmares that were carved into concrete buildings, for every time you were told to be afraid and for every time you were told this world is no place for you:

Claim your dreams! Make them breathe!

Reach into the limits of the possible!

If not the darkness retreating, it's the open hands of another desperate dreamer unwilling to sleep a dead sleep.

And in the warmth of that touch, a dream is made flesh.

We must earn the ache of pain, yes, but the kiss of pleasure is there for those willing to be strong for just one moment.

Forget the years of schooling that numbed you, forget the scars of work that tired you: dreamers, awake!

...and they won't have to burn the books, because no one reads them anyway...

I

"Man would sooner have the void for a purpose than be void of purpose."

Since I realised my contempt for organised religion at a young age, it has been apparent the majority of people who consider themselves a part of a religious group, whether Catholic or Protestant, don't actually abide by the doctrines they consider central to their spiritual life, but that their religion exists to give their life a sense of purpose beyond simply living for God. This best could be understood by looking at the lives of most people in modern society, which are pretty bland and meaningless, and the solace that religion offers from this.

For a long time, I thought the punk rock 'fuck religion' summed up my thoughts on the matter well, but as I've grown I've come to believe that 'fuck religion' just doesn't cut it anymore. Ernest Becker, a prominent psychologist of the 1970's whose central theories about death and dying have been highly influential, argued that due to the terror attached with death and dying people attempted to connect themselves with an immortality. This could be as prominent as religion and spirituality, in the form of Catholicism or Buddhism, or as seemingly secular as punk rock. "Christ is not a person as far as I am concerned, but a hero, a myth, a vast shadow picture in which humanity sees itself projected on the walls of eternity" (Hesse). What these 'immortality projects' offer us is a connection to the undying, and in some way an escape from the inevitable. Anyhow, Becker argues that when people's immortality is threatened, much like their mortality, they will react, often violently.

And even if they don't, it's a ridiculous thought that a punk rock kid with newfound atheist fervour has the answers to the kind of questions most people ask about the meaning of life, or the meaningless of it. It is a great privilege to be able to say with confidence that you don't need a god or master: I've been an atheist for the most part of my life, and it's still difficult to escape the chains of slave morality and the desire to find solace in being a 'part of something'. In fact, as time goes on, I'm able to understand the need for religion and spirituality in a persons life, especially given the frightening, alien world that we live in. Camus would argue that essentially life is meaningless, absurd, and that religion is an attempt to make meaning out of this. The problem I see is that religion forgets that it is a construct, and coaxes it's believers into understanding it as omnipotent, immortal and eternal.

I think the easy answers offered by the punk community to the definite problem of organised religion –in that it is giving millions of people the void for a purpose and restricting their creativity and happiness from *our* lives – have got to be revised. Saying 'fuck religion' may have been offensive in the 1980's of conservative America, but now it is a neat way for advertisers to sell t-shirts, and now more than ever, people are searching for religion to make sense of the boring repetition of their lives. If you look at how this society is constructed, of course people are going to search for some meaning in religion: there's no level of intelligent criticism of the trappings of religion anywhere, and the foul stench of consumerism is everywhere, perhaps only escapable through prayer to an immaterialist Christ.

I am not going to conclude with an easy answer, because I think this is the problem with most punk zines. They take a topic, offer a halfbaked opinion on the matter (and I'm not pretending this is any different!), and then conclude with a simple slogan or recycled song lyric. Instead I will offer questions: If you believe in God, do you accept that God is a construct of your imagination rather than an actual living entity? If you don't believe in God, in what ways do you find yourself searching for immortality and connection to the eternal, if any? In what ways can we encourage discourse on this topic that doesn't turn into an exchange of the same boring arguments that have existed for the past thousand years? In what ways are you searching for meaning in your life and the world?

II

"And if the animals could talk, if the planets, the trees, the rivers, the mountains and the oceans could cry out their protests, they too would demand an end to the destruction that greedy men and women have caused. Self preservation is our greatest instinct, yet we have been so misled, mis-informed and mis-educated by the profiteers, that even caring mothers and fathers teach their children self destruction and destruction of the planet unconsciously every day from birth".

If there was ever a medium devoted to lying and deceit more than organised religion, it has been the corporate advertising industry. The very fact people spend their lives in trade for overpriced fashion items and completely ridiculous products like cigarettes is proof that anyone concerned with the life of oneself and the people around you has an enemy in the corporate advertising industry. Treat all these corporations with the same disgust and distrust you would door to door

religious salespeople: they rely on the same insidious means to capture your life, having sold their own.

That said, you should treat everything you read with distrust and rely on your own intellect, reasoning and self-respect: including everything you read coming out of the hardcore community. One of the finest aspects of the hardcore tradition is the emphasis in puts on non-conformity and having trust in your own judgement and reason: you should fight with every gram of strength you have against the forces of the world that want to take these from you.

III.

"The art of dreaming when wide awake will be in the hands of everyone some day."

Henry Miller wrote the above sentence. Whenever I read a Henry Miller book, I get the same feeling. It's a mixture of disgust and amazement, disgust at the individual writing and amazement at his skill as a wordsmith and artist. I get the same feeling when I read Charles Buksowski. But, I still read these books, because if I restricted myself from them based simply on their non-compliance with my own values, I'd miss out on a lot of the moments that make these writers as awe-inspiring as they often are.

I have been accused by a lot of people for being a politically correct faggot, and of all these people not one knows a fucking thing about me. Because I don't boast about the porn movies I don't watch – and to go on the record, I have never been against porn – or use the word cunt every sentence, some retards have it in their mind that I'm politically correct and a faggot. Well, I'm not going to deny the latter. If you want to call me that, whatever. The problem is the former.

Fuck calling people out for being 'politically correct'. If you had any historical knowledge, you'd be aware this term was appropriated by the conservative right to silence dissenting voices during the 1980's. It's been a badge to put onto any voice which does not comply with the mainstream way of thought, which is to oppress and deny that oppression. The fact it found it's way into the punk scene is pretty embarassing, but even more is the fact that people are selling their records under the proud label of being 'anti-p.c.' What the fuck is that?

Who cares if you're anti-p.c.? Certainly the conservative population, but outside of the morons that actually believe in a conspiracy of politically correct hippies tearing down society, no one. All you're doing is confirming your own lack of intelligence by proudly proclaiming you're anti-PC. What the fuck, I'm not PC. I'd wager most of the readers wouldn't even know what PC actually means historically, and all of them don't consider themselves PC.

Which brings me to my next tirade...

IV.

"People grow so used to fear, to murder, to contempt, and hate, that they become deaf to whatever in them whispers that maybe they are wrong and their attitude is simply a reflection of what they loathe in their own lives. That is why they prefer drugs to suppress their despair – the illusion of an instant cure keeps them going. But the canker that devours them remains".

All of this bullshit in hardcore punk about "not giving a fuck" is really growing old. No, it's been old for a while, now it's more pathetic than nu-metal. I've noticed something quite prominent: all the people who say that they don't give a fuck spend the majority of the time trying to make sure that the entire world knows. This doesn't sound like you don't care: it sounds like all you care about is having the image of not caring.

If you really didn't care, if you really didn't give a fuck, then why are you still trying to impress everyone with your nihilism? People can actually sense when someone has abandoned all morals and concern of image and identity, and that is what frightens them. It's believable in the people that don't have to advertise it, and it's much more frightening and real. It's fucking pathetic in the legions of pathetic, aging punk kids who get jaded at 18 and spend the rest of their life getting bad tattoos and writing semi-offensive lyrics to prove to the world that they don't care about anything. The image of pity and weakness overrides any of the scary tattoos and 'offensive lyrics', and the fear that punk is going to be cursed forever with this pathetic idiocy is enough to make me sick.

There is plenty of art that disturbs and interests me, made by people who honestly don't give a fuck what I think. Henry Miller and Charles Bukowski are good examples in the literary world; in punk rock, bands like Integrity (well, old Integrity), Gehenna and Black Flag. If these people went out of their way to justify their actions as being a part of their image of not caring, then I couldn't be fucked. I am not interested in image: that's why I came to punk rock in the first place. FUCK ALL YOU FAKE NIHILISTS! ONE MORE EFFORT IF YOU WANT TO BE REVOLUTIONARIES!

V.

"No future for me"

i. *Frederick Nietzsche* ("Nietzsche is dead" – God)
ii. *Peace Compilation, 1984* (Never heard it!)
iii. *Henry Miller* (Sexus, Nexus, Plexus)
iv. *Raoul Vaniegem* (The Book Of Passions)
v. *Sex Pistols* ("The Original Nancy Boys")

reviews

The review section. This can go two ways. Either, and often, it can become a place for you to research which record you will purchase next with the money you've worked so hard to procure. Obviously, the intent here is to promote these records, but hopefully in most cases not as an end to themselves, that is, not for your consumption only. The kind of music I would like to promote is the kind of music that reaches beyond the stale nature of the consumer / producer relationship inherent in most transactions within this community, and strikes at something immaterial, evoking something along the lines of joy, which Henry Miller so coherantly wrote about in Sexus thus:

"The world is forever weeping. The world is drenched in tears. Laughter, that's another thing. Laughter is momentary: it passes. But joy, joy is a kind of ecstatic bleeding, a disgraceful sort of super contentment which flows from every pore of your being. You can't make people joyous just by being joyous yourself. Joy has to be generated by oneself: it is or it isn't. Joy is founded on something to profound to be understood or communicated. To be joyous is to be a madman in a world of sad ghosts. To be permanently happy would be to set the world on fire".

And, we want the world. And, we want it on fire.

Review staff this issue:
(DX) - Living. Loving. Searching.
(MK) - X The Motherfucking Cockadile X

Twenty [Plus] Answers (DX):

1. Breed/Extinction Tour / The BRYCC House
2. Converge 'Jane Doe' / All Converge / Converge LIVE
3. Inside Front #13 / BACK ISSUES
4. Anything - Chuck Paluhniak & George Orwell
5. Joy Division 'BOX SET' / The Smiths 'Singles'
6. Catharsis / Newborn SPLIT / All Catharsis
7. Sexus / The Tropics (Henry Miller) / Chuck Bukowski
8. Undying/Ruination/Catharsis LIVE
9. Beating Hearts Of The World Unite
10. Milemarker 'Anaesthetic' / Refused 'The Shape…'
11. Anything - Kurt Vonneghut & Jeanette Winterson
12. Conation 'The Dichotomy…' / BPY 7" / BPY LIVE
13. Syndicate/Deadstare/The Spitz/Pure Evil LIVE
14. Vengeance Is Mine Inc./ThingsFallApart LIVE
15. From Ashes Rise 'Discog' / Tragedy CD
16. Born Dead Icons / Tragedy / From Ashes Rise LIVE
17. Demian (Herman Hesse) / The Outsider (Albert Camus)
18. The Revolution Of Everyday Life (Rauoul Vaneigem)
19. Bad Religion 'Against The Grain' / New Record
20. The Matrix / Amellie / Bringing Out The Dead
21. **Rocket From The Crypt 'Group Sounds'**
22. **All Gehenna / HisHeroIsGone / Ire / Rorscach**
23. **Mogwai / Godspeed You Black Emperor**
24. **Cometbus / Evasion / Burn Collector**
25. **L. & 97C.**

BAKUNINS BUM 'Fight To Win! A Benefit For OCAP' CD (G7) -
OCAP stands for 'Ontario Coalition Against Poverty', a militant direct-action organisation in Canada which 'fights to win' against, uh, poverty. The best way to describe this CD has been summed up on the back: 'Backunin's Bum is a Montreal-based 'beets and strings' collaboration between 1 Speed Bike and Norman Nawrocki. This first album is a benefit for the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty. It features excerpts from a passionate, inspirational speech by two OCAP activists – Shawn Brant & Sue Collins – set to original music... The result: a powerful mix of music and ideas about how to step up local resistance to the effects of globalised misery'. Also: think atmospheric beats and string instruments behind spoken word, and a huge CD booklet detailing all you'd want to know about OCAP. All in all, this is an amazing CD, whether you're listening to the words or just sitting back to the beats. Yes! (DX)

BEATING HEARTS OF THE WORLD UNITE (Beating Hearts Press)
When I published 'nolongerblind #8' I believed I was undertaking a very groundbreaking project: noone at the time, it seemed, was producing a zine with a large print run rooted in the hardcore punk community of Australia with strong anti-capitalist convictions. This is it, right here, everything I was aiming toward with that zine (well, not everything, of course, but in do many ways it's more daring than 'nolongerblind'), but more, much more. While I'm sure both editors would rather not the attention such a motion would bring, I think they should be commended for having the bravery to attempt such a project. Over 100 pages, handbound, separated into two parts 'love' and 'revolution', and each page filled to the edge with inspirational writing, interesting interviews and some amazing artwork. But, here's the most amazing thing: there was no cover price. I've seen them give this thing away to people, even though they would far prefer a trade than give it away, they could charge at least $5 and still be struggling to cover their costs. Of course, there were parts about this zine I had troubles injesting, some poorly written poetry and so on, but the good points far outweigh the bad. I couldn't say enough about it, but if more people attempted projects like this, than I sincerely believe our world would be a more beautiful place to live in. Fucking key. (DX)

BJELKE PETERSON YOUTH 'S/T' 7" (Devestation)
Fuck. This band came out of nowhere – well, actually, out of fucking Brisbane, Australia, but the last time I was there it didn't fucking count for anywhere – and absolutely ruled the 'Fuck Thrash, Let's Spread Our Nasty Rash' tour at the start of this year. They played at Newtown and featured a wall of death, and then the next day later played at my house and featured sweaty pits. My friend Chris bought me this record, and I promised to pay him back – didn't, of course – took it home, and freaked. It's some terribly distorted and fast music, which threatens to fall apart at every transition, an awful snare sound and vocals as foul and repulsive as the singer looks (apologies, Neil, it's 'journalism'!), lyrics generally 'witty' and 'humorous'. But seriously, if you like hardcore punk or 'thrash', you'd be stupid to go past this record, one of the best live bands I've seen this year. (DX)

BLOODPACT / REACHING FORWARD split 7"
Bloodpact play thrashy and sometimes chunky hardcore, with intelligent lyrics and a thoughtful approach to their music. Of course, any band featuring members of Earthmover are going to rule, and first WallsOfJericho kicked my ass and now Bloodpact are running over it! This 7" is worth it for their songs alone! Then, if you have the inclination to flip it over you'll come across Reaching Forward, a somewhat generic youth crew influenced hardcore band with short, concise and OK lyrics which don't fit the music that well. They're totally listenable, with a lot of spirit and enough aggression to have staying power to the end of their three songs. Oh yeah, both bands pay tribute to ManLiftingBanner with by covering a song each, and I particularily like RF's 'Donkey Shot'. All packaged in an awesome booklet complete with photos and short essays by each band, this 7" heralds the new era of intelligent, angry straight edge hardcore. (DX)

CONATION 'The Dichotomy Of Earth And The Human Race' CD (Deplorable)

I've always listened to Conation with an uninterested ear: like Submission Hold, the idea of what they were attempting musically appealed to me more than the music itself. I think they have just failed until now to achieve a good quality studio recording: everything before now, I believe, was experiment and trial for this record. And, the hard work has paid off in some of the most amazing music I've heard from an Australian band. Impressive cover artwork, and an amazing, detailed booklet. The music is fast and ugly melodic hardcore punk, sounding like it could have come out of the ABC No Rio scene in the early '90s: bringing bands like Rorscach, Born Against and Citizens Arrest to mind, but with more melody and harmony than any of those bands. And they utilise a wide range of instruments, from piano, viola and didgeridoo! Fuck, it's really hard to explain this band any more than I have, but I think the best song on this record is the second, a pretty sound indication of where they are coming from. It starts with a melodic, rocky riff, and blasts into a distorted mess, with Jamie's ugly screeching: "Please I don't need this bombardment, these blood caked hands embrace. Every dying day they need us, cutting throats for convenience". The song drops back into the rocky pace, and Jamie is now singing, with a tragic tone, "it has been suggested that my will lay broken and my hopes lie forever in their hands", and there are harmonies here, like fucking Bad Religion. Then, a little more pace as Jamey and Dale exchange vocals: "assigned ideologies, it's time to take back our hearts and minds, we are not carbon copies, revolution starts on the inside". The music halts, and then once again blasts off, the song ending "my ideals are not stagnant, they are in motion!". This is the music of hopeless idealism, of believing in beauty when the world around you is intent on destroying it, for money, for god, for stupidity. There is a such a sense of tragedy here, and you can feel the struggle in the desperation of the vocals, and the lyrics are absolutely mindblowing in their honesty and sincerity, dealing with situations and ideas so fucking painful, bringing to mind His Hero Is Gone in that sense of battered idealism. Conation, you've restored an ounce of hope I'd lost, for in your search to lament the destruction of beauty in the world, and capture it, you've brought *so much fucking beauty* into it. Thankyou.

<I'd like to question the title of this record, for it's something I feel is a common assumption in this community: that the human race cannot co-exist with this earth. It's quite obvious that this culture, capitalism, industrialism, consumerism, whatever you'd want to call it, is absolutely impossible of adapting to preserve and co-exist with the earth. But this is one aspect of the human race, and all over the world there exist cultures intent on existing with the earth, as a part of nature. A good example would be the indigenous communities of Australia, fighting to protect the land against greedy developers intent on destroying it. This idea that Western Culture = Humanity is exactly what the motherfuckers in power would want you to think, because it makes it a little bit easier convincing you of it's authority and omnipotence. So, is there a dichotomy of the earth and the human race? I would argue, no, but there is definitely a dichotomy of consumer capitalism and the earth.>

CONNECTION #1 (Connection)

I like a zine with a front cover that states, boldly, "We Can Do Anything". This is the kind of thing I need more of, an affirmation of potential, rather than the typical "everything is fucking hopeless" bullshit that creeps in when you've spent everyday listening to Joy Division and The Smiths. Well, Connection is the kind of zine I need to read more of, and while the editor definitely has a direction to tread in, I think he needs to sharpen his teeth on a few issues before he's ready to put out something to *really* challenge and uplift this weary heart. There's so much about this zine I'm into: a well documented Zegota interview, some DIY juggling tips, and vague, inspirational / intelligent quotes everywhere. Like, "when life has no purpose and is miserable and colourless, the need for adventure finds it's solution in war and cruelty". The 'towards a new straight edge' column was really poorly written, and it's ideas were quite vague and obtuse, if that makes any sense. And the layout needs cleaning up! After a few issues, this zine will have hopefully found it's direction and started treading it, but in the meantime, have a read of this issue, it's a great start! (DX)

CIRCLE ONE (HS/28)

I started reading this feeling very nostalgic: it has that simple yet awesome cut and paste layout which started me into zines in the first place, and the photocopy job is dodgy so all the photos look very old school. This is a great attempt at a first issue: it has interesting, well written thoughts interserped with a couple of half interesting interviews (I am getting very sick of Graheme from Resist acting like everyone hates him and his label in *every* interview I read!) There is an interesting 'history lesson' in Australian hardcore that could have been better written, maybe with a couple of words about why it's still relevant. The insert poster was just a little too cheesy for me: c'mon, another dead body?! The second issue is very similar to the first, interviewing DS13, Sense Of Purpose and myself. Let me say here that I have a talent for writing the dumbest shit when I'm being interviewed. I cringe! So, maybe you could skip the bit with me, and read other shit in here. There's a couple of ill comics which make little sense, an insert poster (Get in the pit, motherfucker?!!), some writing on various subjects, a fucking awesome cut n paste layout, and some great vernacular. Cade is on a roll here, and I hope he keeps them coming, because it's about time someone started a regular hardcore punk zine in Australia. (DX)

($2 to: Cade Perrin / 10/47 Pacific St. / Miain Beach / Qld / 4217)

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION 'Brain Surgery For Beginners' 7" (Deranged)

One day, my friend Brett shows me his new tattoo: three little kid's heads cut open by buzz saws with blood splattering everywhere. "Fuck, that's sick! Where did you get it from?". He said it came from the Countdown To Oblivion 7", and I was totally stoked to get this in the mail just so I could see where he got the tattoo design. I think I was more excited about the picture than the actual music, which doesn't grab me as much as their split with 'They Live'. Maybe it's the dank recording, but I just can't get into the metal riffs: they're almost too cheesy. I suppose I was expecting something as awesome as 'Left For Dead' or 'The Swarm' based on the fact Chris also sings for these guys. I can't see myself listening to this too much, but if metal (no, real metal, not metallic hardcore!) is your thing, I'm talking hair metal, then you'll probably get into this. (DX)

DYING BREED 'Genocide Can No Longer Be Denied' CD

This CD has nine songs of awesome hardcore punk, bringing to mind Left For Dead for their fast paced thrash into heavy touch-my-friends-nub breakdowns. The singer is screaming with real anger and venom in his tongue, unlike most of his contempories whose anger sounds as convincing as Tori Spelling's acting. The lyrics are well written, concerned with socio-political issues, but written in a way that shows that the writer has an actual connection with the issues and isn't trying to sound intelligent or well meaning by writing about 'issues'. This CD was put out by the band themselves, and this shows that the band is not only about creating their art, but producing it in a matter which allows them to maintain control over it, and there aren't too many bands who are willing to pool their resources together and work at getting their own music out. The only real downfall of the CD came with the layout, which is entirely uninventive and standard, and I would have not expected from the band. I think what I'll remember the most about the band was being at S11, and feeling very bitter about everything that was happening in my life at the time multiplied by the constant threat of police brutality, and seeing them play and tear the floor apart. Then, the next day seeing Paul (bass) in some picket line and talking to him about Congress while hippes around us sung stupid protest songs, because seeing hardcore kids on the streets over those days was, as this CD is now, a real affirmation of my belief in the convictions and anger of this movement. (DX)

DS-13 'For The Kids, Not The Business' CD (Deranged)

For anyone into old school hardcore or thrash which isn't totally braindead or cheesy, Sweden's DS-13 have put out a convincing, full throttle 7" through awesome Canada label 'Deranged'. I'm 100% into the punk rock attitude of this record, with cheesy as lyrics which come off as fun-loving rather than fake or contrived. What's more, the music is inventive and full of interesting time changes and scratchy, hoarse throated vocals. It's fun, punk rock hardcore. (DX)

ENGINE #6 (FS/64)

I have been reading zines for years now, and over this time I have seen countless mentions of this US hardcore punk zine and it's hard working editor, Matt Average, but I have never been able to track down a copy in Australia. Finally, I sent my zine away to trade for a copy and I got #6... I was not disapointed! Containing awesome interviews with both US and international hardcore punk bands like MK Ultra, KTMWQ and The Feederz (a great interview, but their homophobic lyrics were pretty stupid), plus heaps more. The columns inside are of high quality (a great compliment, given the amount of zines with shitty column sections). The reviews are pretty useless which is a shame given the high quality of the rest of the zine... but overall, this is a zine I know I'll reread quite a few times, and for that it gets the gold star! (DX)

FEAR IS THE PATH TO THE DARK SIDE 7" (Scorched Earth Policy)

Fuck!! I've had this record sitting in the review box for months now, and I've only listened to it a couple of times since getting it... Basically, I could say this is 6 songs of fucked up evil thrash for Germany. Not so basically, and I want to go into this one because I think it is an amazing record, it brings to mind some of the early power violence stuff (that depressing feel of Crossed Out, the music of Capitalist Casualties, sorta!). The music is atmospheric at times, the guitars pulling some weird riffs which would sound awful if anyone else tried it. The singer is screaming and gurgling, spitting out his words with so much malice, a man screaming his dying words to a bitter enemy, over music making some of the most amazing transitions I've heard in ages. The name is, of course, a Star Wars reference, and the record opens with a sample of Darth Vader, straight into a quick, fast thrash song, and then straight into the second song which utilises blast beats, and even though every band plays blast nowadays, these guys manage to make it sound like I've never heard it before. The third and fourth songs nail it home: kind of long, slow, with a dark, forboding feel, with plenty of space for

vocals to fade into our guitars to ring out into. This sounds like Neurosis writing thrash songs on 'Times Of Grace'. Or something. This is the music of paranoia, of ugly, painful sadness, of bitterness. The lyrics are in German, and my German is too weak to decipher them (I guess I should feed him more often. Sorry, bad joke.) An amazing 7" record. (DX)

GREG MACPHERSON BAND "Good Times Coming Back Again" (g7)

Fuck this is a good CD. So I come home the other night and there are two of my housemates in my room doing the whole email thing, and they get all excited and put this CD on. 1.2.3.fucking.Go! I say. It took a few days before this CD found its way out of my player, and then it wasn't very long before it found its way back in. I'm not exactly sure how to describe it, simply because in the rhealm of three chord moshin' fast n' hard thrashin' screaming and yelling anti authoritarian angsty youth rebellion that so much of punk can easily be fit into ain't where this CD is residing. Its sort of too busy being all soft sensual and melodic, painting pictures about people and places sad and sweet, loud and excited and what not. I'm sitting here listening to the CD thinking to myself "fuck, I'm doing a bad job of describing this," which pretty much sums things up, its fucking really good and I have a hard time describing it. On that basis I will rest assured that all of you will rush out and buy the damn thing so you can start describing it and give me a hand. By the way, this is a promo copy, so maybe its not being sold yet, maybe it is. If it ain't being sold, hop on a plane to Canada, see the sights, go to G-7 and take it. (MK)

Kocher didn't do a good job of actually describing the music, so I figure I'd give it a try. This band plays rock: no really, it's rock. It sounds like Bruce Springsteen writing songs with The Weakerthans, in my humble opinion, and has some really beautiful melodies and hooks to boil one's potatos... the lyrics and overall feel is of working class life. Working class powerlessness, and working class power. It's a great CD, and if you're at all into the politics of any other band on this label (Weakerthans, Propogandhi), and you don't mind rock in that folky kind of way, this will make you smile. (DS)

HAYMAKER 'Love The Music, Hate The Kids!' 7" (Deranged)

Haymaker are one of the bands that I like even before I hear them. The name of this record, and the Side By Side rip off picture in the insert with 'First Jesus, Then You!' written, and some fucking classic lyrics: "Pissed Off / Skate Hard / Fist Fight Security Guards!". Some points are low, like that poseur nihilist bullshit "I don't give a fuck no more, I hope we all fucking die" that you hear on too many records and it sounds stale and repetitive the tenth time, especially when two or three songs later the singer is screaming "I refuse to be a broken man, I refuse to let them win. I won't ever stop fighting, I won't let them win". Sometimes you just like to write you don't give a fuck, but in the end you do, or you wouldn't bother making music and writing lyrics about it, you'd just fucking die and get it over with, or spend your life in front of the television waiting for the next part in the American Pie series to hit the screen. Anyhow, the rest of the time, I'm pretty happy with this record. The music is classic youth crew with a punchy, early 90's straight edge hardcore influence – I'm thinking of Chokehold and the e-chord warriors when I say this. I like the attitude, aside from the earlier glitch, it's angry, fuck the mainstream, fuck posers and fuck you! The kind of punk rock that you can do with after a day at work, or after listening someone complain about their life while staring blank faced at a television screen. Fuck! (DX)

X HEAD ON X 'S/T' 7" (Lifeline)

Sorry Joe, I just can't pay this one. Five songs of mediocre youth crew / melodic hardcore, with above average lyrics. The cover art is interesting but there isn't any explanation for what it means (a bunch of police thugs marching in uniformity), so I get the feeling it's one of those "hey, *this* might make a better cover than us jumping with our guitars" kind of records. Uh... not much else to say here. If you like old school youth crew kind of stuff, you might like Limpwrist. Check them out. (DX)

HER HEROES AREN'T GONE #1 (HS/12)

Subtitled "Letter to Kathleen Hanna": and that's what this small zine is, really. Kylie has written a very intelligent letter to this (famous?) punk rock scenester, most famous for being the frontwoman of 'Bikini Kill'. In it, with a very up front and (dare I say it?!) sassy writing style, she presents a unique way of discussing issues like idolisation, sexist stereotyping and the riot grrl movement. And, yeah, it's fucking great! (DX)

(send a stamp to CONTACT: HHAG / PO BOX 3023 / Sth Brisbane BC / QLD / 4101)

IDENTITY THEFT 'New World Odour' CD (Deplorable)

It was a Sunday afternoon, and I was anxious and stressed out. That morning, I'd pulled out every stick of furniture from my lounge room, and prepared it for a rock and roll extravaganza. First of all, at twelve o'clock the show was supposed to start and noone had turned up. Then, one band turned up minus their drummer, and they couldn't play. Three hours later, Identity Theft turns up. I stress out more. I go with the members of Thought Crime to prepare equipment for them to play, but they have no guitarists. As they are setting up, one of the members of I.T. ask if they can play first. I said "sure", and so we set up the PA, and there was no mic stands so I had to stick hooks in the roof and dangle the mics down. So, the band packs their equipment in there, and another twenty people attempt to cram themselves around the equipment, and stick their heads around the corners. The band starts without much warning, and I could only swallow and hope the police didn't turn up to shut it down, being Easter Sunday and all. Fuck. Anyhow, it turned out to be one of the most awesome sets I've ever seen, and if I wasn't freaking out about the cops and how thin my walls are, I would have enjoyed it more. The mics didn't end up working too well, so the members just screamed into the air, and you could hardly hear a word over the loud music. But, sweat pouring down their foreheads, packed in a small space, they fucking screamed and swayed with the music, and occasionally you'd hear a melody, but mostly it was angry screaming. Like, one song finishes and the drummer falls against the kit screaming, exhausted, and you could feel the nails popping out of the floorboards and the lightbulb straining to smash open. The music was clear, and the mixer did a great job (heh, fucking mixer!). I.T. play poppy, melodic rock n roll, but their riffs are evil metal, and they are faster than most thrash bands. One singer, Chris, has a beautiful crooning voice, while the drummer shrieks like a tortured demon, and the bass player adds a scream here and there to punctuate what his companions have to say. The other guitarist, Dave, just stares at the guitar as his fingers move like lightning across the frets. They are probably the most musically competant band I have ever seen. After about half an hour, when the room was damp with sweat and mesmerisation, the band finishes their last song. "That's it!" someone said, and I stood there watching for a second. It was fucking insane, and I felt like crying. I think I wanted the cops to turn up, just so all my worrying would be for something. Instead, I could only stand there like a moron and be amazed by the band that just played in my fucking living room, where the next day I'd probably sit down over a game of chess or a Calvin&Hobbes book and sigh at what had been. Fuck. Later, Tom from Deplorable Records gives me a CD and asks me to review it in my zine. So, here's the review. Identity Theft rule, and this CD is fucking amazing. But if you really wanted to hear them, you should have squeezed against my bookshelf and watched them. Bad luck if you missed it. (DX)

INSIDE FRONT #13 'The End Of Inside Front, And The Beginning For Hardcore Punk' (CrimethInc.)

It's no secret that the history of this zine has been highly influential in the course of my life: it introduced me to bands like Amebix, Catharsis, Zegota, Earthmover, Milemarker and Ire, zines like ATR and Slave, and classic philosophers like de Sade, modern political theory like the Situationists, and, well, fuck, I could go on! Seriously, if there was a zine to inspire and motivate me, make me recognise the potential of hardcore not as a distant goal but as a tangible, material reality right now, to challenge my thoughts and reaffirm my beliefs, it's Inside Front. And this final issue is definitely the crowning achievement of the history, the perfect way to end this 'journal of revolution and hardcore punk'.

What makes it so important is not so much it's content – if you ask me, the previous issue was the most content heavy and challenging of any zine I'd ever read, because it came into my life at the same time as TRIAL did, and uplifted and challenged me in every way TRIAL did, and didn't – but the way it concludes everything each previous issue hinted at, and offered an open challenge to the hardcore community as it's final breath.

It opens with a five part editor's introduction, containing some of the most concise text Brian has written within this zine, a testament to his skill as an editor and writer: "I have everything at stake in transforming this place… and so do you, unless you think people like me deserve to die, unless you're ready to excise everything in yourself that resembles me". The 'Letterbombs To The Editor' section was a disapointment, much less interesting since they stopped making them up, indeed, but lacking in what I expected to be a range of critical texts, which is important for a zine like Inside Front.

From there, two critical texts on gender and sexuality, which, while both challenging and well written, seemed out of place, for reasons I am unable to articulate coherantly. In any case, they are each excellent dissertions on such sensitive topics, and add fresh breath to what is often a stale topic.

Onward! A fucking awesome section titled 'Music is now in the hands of the people… What shall we take back next?' about realising the potentials of punk rock had my mind reeling. And then, a column section to put the bullet in most *every* punk zines column section's collective brain. For once, a column section I can read without skipping past most every dry political text or badly written self indulgent story. Liz's 'anti-column' on Rimbaud, well, it's actually on the seeming dichotomy of freedom and community in the shape of an analysis on the radical individualism of Rimbaud's life, and ends with more questions than answers, as all good texts should. Fucking awesome, Liz!! And Greg Bennick, in fine morbid fashion analyses death and Iron Maiden in a hilarious column tempered by the seriousness of it's conclusion 'we need to explore or examine death and it's implication on our lives'. Right on!!

More! A terrible interview with The Butchies, only because you can see Brian is attempting to challenge them to write something more than a brief paragraph response. The questions are fucking longer than the responses! Goddamn, but an excellent analysis nonetheless.
Yet! 'Theory Of Demonstrations, Demonstrations Of Theory' is a *huge* section of accounts from demonstrations, and some excellent scene reports, the highlight personally being the 'Last US Tchkung show / A Hillside in Prague'. Fucking, yes.
The review section, opening with some *amazing* reviews of stuff from 'outside the punk community', a line that evidently needs to be blurred if we are serious about experiencing the most of the world. And then, an *immense* review section, peppered with the usual Inside Front arrogance and anal retentiveness regarding speling and grama.
Onto an advertising ghetto, and if you survive that, information on the CD which comes with the zine, which, for the sake of space, I'll avoid reviewing. Let's just say it has amazing tracks from Milemarker and Newborn to Lariat and Cwill, and in between, Point Of No Return, Shank and Ruination. Is good.
And finally, fucking, finally, the editor's conclusion, 'I'm desperate to see people around me feeling better about things, feel more optimistic and excited to be human and alive'.
And the last words: "From here, whatever was worthwhile about Inside Front is in your hands... we're absolutely certain that from these seeds, a hundred greater forces will grow, and we who have nurtured this project to this point must simply let go of the reigns to let it become what it must become – which you can see more clearly than us, we're certain". Well, this is my attempt to grow something out of the ruins of Inside Front and NoLongerBlind. Let's see how it goes. (DX)

IRE 'What Seed, What Root?' (CrimethInc.)
This is the slow, agonising wound in the side of our culture: aesthetically dark and ugly, slow and screeching riffs threatening to tear the listeners world apart, but challenging them to do so themselves. In some ways it reminds me of 'Systral' without the manic thrash, for it has all the haunting darkness Systral captured so well, the dirty rock riffs and tortured vocals. I've heard them musically compared to Neurosis, Acme and Black Sabbath in some way or another. Listen: galloping metal riffs soaked in utter bitterness and contempt for Western culture: "as arrogant as it sounds, we, by being members of this society, by living on this continent, are racist in every sense of the word. All of us, all are guilty". When I read this and listen to the music, they evoke a sense of space within the atmosphere of their dirge, and I'm given images of dank rooms at the worst lows. I picture all the injustices of the world, committed in the name of 'right', 'good', 'god' and 'country': the starving third world children, fields next to them ripe with tobacco and coffee plantations for third world yuppies. All the bitterness and fury of this music seems directed into these tragedies, these stupid, pointless tragedies, the greed and stupidity of consumer culture, and the vocals, possessed simultaneously by raw emotions of rage and grief, spur the music on and give it the tragic shape. Every song goes for about six minutes each, and while there are only five songs, this definitely qualifies as a full length record. Ire are yet another phenomena from Canada and they released this final record before breaking up, some of the most angry and ugly music I have ever heard. (DX)

MEATAXE 'Straightedge Thrash Violence' CD (Snapshot / PC Records / BCTW)
Almost twenty tracks of, uh, straight edge thrash violence. The recording is really great and does them a great deal of justice, the songs sound ace. As for how they're written: this sounds like a lot of California thrash-core, I can't really describe that any better, but for some reason it works in my head. I think Spazz, WhatHappensNext?, even DFL. Wait a second, are they all for CA? Oh, fuck it. The lyrics on this CD are fucking hilarious, every song contains the word 'die' to account for the singers nonsensical screeching, and I'd wager most were actually written after the songs were recorded for the sake of the lyric sheet. Right... (DX)

MELEE / THE CANCER KIDS 'Split' 7" (Endless Knot / Social Napalm)
Oh, fuck, Melee is fucking disgusting. It took me a few times to get into this, but I'm liking it now. It's crusty as all fuck thrash, and the vocals are that arrogant, nasty, adolescent snotty drawl that you might love about FYP. Here's a lyrics sample that covers them pretty well: "Do or die, you fucking still die". Fucking hell. The last song on this side is weak, it sounds like a throw together of three or four on the spot riffs, and it doesn't work. Anyhow, The Cancer Kids win this record for me. It's fucking stupid lyrically: "At our show, anything goes, pile up and pick your nose". I'm loving it, it's the kind of stuff you play either when you very first get into punk rock, or when you're sick of all the other bands and want to start something fun. I can tell if I lived where these guys do I'd be picking my nose to them... sick dude. (DX)

NECROTARDATION COMIC/CD (Deplorable/Ghostmeat)
Personally, I fucking love comics. In case you were wondering which, I grew up reading The Phantom, but of late have been impressed by Sandman, Johnny The Homicidal Maniac, The Preacher, Sin City and The Invisibles. This is Necrotardation, a comic tribute to the greatest fictional metal band ever, with a compilation CD of various bands doing covers of their songs, and a whole bunch of other bands just doing their own thing. The comic is high quality artwork with an hilarious, albeit often inconcise, storyline, basically a reporter discussing with the lead singer the highlights and lowlights of the band. Some of this is really, really funny: "I use capsicum spray to loosen my throat and unhinge my demons. We can't say we're the heaviest on the planet because we are elsewhere like dimensions, and stuff." But I get the feeling if I'd grown up listening to metal I would appreciate this a whole lot more. Anyway! If you are of the long haired metal persuasion, or are prone to possession by metal fantasies, this CD will fit quite nicely between Napalm Death and Nile (wow, I just impressed myself!). Otherwise, if you like comics, check out everything above first! And then, check this out.

REFLECTIONS #13 (Reflections)
As always, this zine impresses. One of the most professionally executed hardcore zine within the depths of the DIY community, I'd argue. Thick as a Milan Kundera book, filled with page after page of gorgeous layout. And the content is fucking excellent: well executed interviews with a broad range of hardcore kids (well, I guess most of them are males as usual, but I'm not one to throw stones, living, as I do, in a glass house) from Lifes Halt to MRR. The columns are pretty useless, I'd say throw out your columnists and get some articles in there. The review section is long and arduous and filled with too many brief, useless reviews for my liking. Once again, Reflections is a keeper. (DX)

REFLECTIONS #14 (FS/96)
Reflections zine is definitely my favourite European zine. It seems zines over there have a definite formulaic approach to zine making: have a lot of interviews with a lot of US bands, throw in some reviews and photos and you have a zine. Let me say, while that certainly covers some of the content of this zine, it doesn't give much credit to the amount of creative energy that has gone into this. With a beautiful layout, including a full cover front cover which doesn't look stupid like most colour covers seem to these days (!), high quality photos, and some great interviews (some not so great, but hey!), Reflections has obviously taken a lot more time and energy than your average hardcore zine. I'll say again, this zine is the most beautiful zine I've ever read, layout wise. (DX)

SCAM #4 (FS/80)
Scam is a little comparable to Evasion zine (or Evasion comparable to Scam?!) in that both are collections of writing by people attempting to live outisde of the status quo, without working or, uh, paying for certain amenities. It contains some hilarious stories, written with clarity and style, which range in subject from travelling in Mexico, train hopping, scamming starbucks... The layout is fucking atrocious, and I suppose that's a part of the charm, but this is an awesome read which took me hours to get through and I recommend it very highly to anyone who likes purple high heels or baseball caps with the letter 'L' on them. Or anyone who, despite how un-PC it is, find midgets to be funny. Or anyone who has ever vomited after eating spaghetti and it's come out of their nose. Or anyone who remembers specific Seseme Street episodes from when they were a little kid. Or anyone who read Judy Blume's 'Forever' when they were younger and got sexually confused. Or anyone who hates Big Brother. Or anyone. Anyone at all. (DX)
(US$3 from No! Records: PO BOX 14088 / Berkley / CA / 94712 / USA)

SENSE OF PURPOSE 'A Matter Of Respect' (Rely On Records)
Chris, the singer of this band, has to be one of the nicest, most sincerely positive motherfuckers I've ever met. He gave me this CD to review, and I took it to my friends house. "How good is this?" I asked, completely stoked on it. They were rolling around laughing. "You... you just don't understand posi core!" I insisted, feeling like a little kid trying to justify his music choice to disaproving parents. Seriously, I love this CD... posi core and youth crew will always have a place in my heart, and when I hear a band playing it and sounding sincere... it's just fucking cool! Chris' lyrics are all well written, the layout is gold (excluding some cheesy band photos, like the tray photo which should never have made it onto there! While we're on the subject: how bad are band photos? When they all stand together, some arms folded, some staring into space, looking hard or cute or whatever music style they play... it's so ridiculous!). Anyhow, I give this CD a stamp of approval, and if old school / youth crew / posi core is your thing, check it out. They even have a breakdown with "Bust It Up!" yelled into it! (DX)
(PO BOX 5030 / Hughesdale / Vic / 3166)

SLUG AND LETTUCE
Another issue of S&L, and there isn't much separating this from any other, because this isn't the type of zine to put out shit issues. Every S&L I've ever read has been awesome. So, why is this such a good zine? OK: S&L is an important zine because it is a forum for ideas, information and interest. It has high quality, intelligent, socially concious writing every time, coupled with high quality band photos and Fly's amazing artwork. The reviews are up-to-date, well written and useful. The layout is accessible, granted the type style is fucking tiny. It is one of the most consistent and important resources in the DIY hardcore punk community. (DX)
(Order in Australia through Spiral Objective / Ad somewhere)

SPIT ZINE (The Spitz!)
The Spitz, one of my favourite bands, put out a zine, and while this certainly isn't an objective review (I have something inside it, as terrible as it is!), what the fuck does objectivity mean anyhow?! What you get is a neat gold or red papered cover, and within it, "a compendium of stuff by us (The Spitz) and by some people who we love and inspire us!". But, it's really content heavy, full of all the kind of ideas that readers of this zine might want to challenge or be challenged by. Excellent writing on shoplifting, sexual assault, depression and love, amazing artwork, and the kind of idealism that you can afford after staying awake all night making a zine. You'll like it. (DX)

SUBURBAN VOICE #44 (FS/150+)
Try as I might (and believe me, I might!), I just cannot fault this zine. Al has been doing this for about as long as I've been on this planet, and his experience in dealing with hardcore zine production shines through in his interviews and reviews, which are the highlight (indeed, the light!) of this thick slab of paper. Featuring bands from all sides of the 'hardcore punk' spectrum, #44 interviews Dillinger 4, DS13, GCF, HWM and the Nerve Agents among others. It's really packed in here, with high quality photos and a neat layout to boot (again, I'd love to see Al try and get this into cut n paste format as I think it would look 1000x better!). It also comes with a CD benefit for Help for Abused Women and their Children, a huge line-up of songs from some really fucking obscure bands. The highlights (and there were heaps of lowlights...) are Last In Line, KTMWQ, Aus-Rotten, DS13, CC and Countdown to Oblivion. Overall, SV is one of the world's best zines, and it's even better cause it's done by a single guy. See, that's fucking hardcore there for you! DIY or DIE! (DX)
CONTACT: PO BOX 2746 / Lynn / MA / 01903-2746 USA (alellen@shore.net)

THE CALVIN AND HOBBES GUIDE TO EVERYDAY LIFE by Robin Banks
When I was about 14 years old, my friend introduced me to Calvin and Hobbes. He had a couple of thick books containing collection of the comic in all it's hilarity, and we'd hang out in his room listening to punk or grunge tapes, reading the books and laughing stupid over them. There was something about the comic that struck a chord, and I went on to buy every collection I could. About two weeks ago Robin Banks sends me this new book, and I was and still am totally excited about it. Basically, it's a collection of comic strips reprinted from all of the old books, coupled with some analysis by Robin which explores what each piece tells us about life. What makes this book so great is that it is an introduction to the comic strip itself from a critical / revolutionary standpoint (whatever pretensions that may have!), and a re-iteration of what makes life important, for those familiar with the strip who want to read from a new, refreshing perspective. I appreciate and admire this, for several reasons. Mainly, for what it is. And then, the very undertaking of this project is important. It shows that observations and appreciations of the art in our culture need not be restricted to high art (ie. museums) and their critics: when a comic strip is celebrated by a hardcore kid, two 'low art' mediums, it's a healthy reminder of the DIY ethic, the value of art (no matter it's commerical or mainstream value) and the possibility to undertake such projects (comic strip art or DIY book making) ourselves. (DX)
CONTACT: robinbanks@disinfo.net or CrimethInc.

THE GREAT FALL OF MAN #1 (HS/56)
I can't really qualify to writing any kind of objective review here, granted Loick is a friend of mine and I am interviewed within the zine itself. But, all things considered, a first issue this has a lot going for it. It's got a simple, but effective layout, the interviews (of which there are definitelty too many!) are for the most part well done (albe poorly responded to by many, like the guy from Poison The Well). There are some simple writings inside, poorly written reviews, some awesome recipes, and a really b photo of some geeks at a hardcore show with "at a show, instead of fights or drunk people, we should see this!!". Overall, you can tell Loick has his heart in it, and there some space here that could be improved on, but from what I know he is aware of that and will do so in the next issue. Check it out. (DX)
(Loick / 51 Mimosa Rd / Bossley Park / NSW / 2176)

THREE CHAIN BREAK / ANOTHER WAY split CD (Dork)
I think that this CD has a lot going for it: two Australian hardcore bands, both relatively new, a great layout, some decent lyrics and a new, refreshing label with a cool name. The only problem is, both bands sound like they were not ready to record yet. Each song is very shaky and poorly written, the vocalists in both bands sound really uncomfortable and insincere (that is, they may be sincere about what they're saying, but they sound totally un-inspired). In fact, 3CB are godawful, pushing the 'metallic riff' style rap-mosh-core to it's most nauseating. I think Another Way show a lot of potential, but they need to stick around for a while, become more comfortable and creative with their song writing, and then record something. For a demo release, this would have been great, but on a CD with the kind of proffesional layout and look to it, it's a disapointment. And, I fucking hate to write this, considering that the guy who does the label is my friend! See what I go through for you here?! (DX)
(See ad elsewhere in zine)

V/A 'Exposing The World To...' CD (PC / Gutless)
Fucking hell, too many reviews for one person in two days. Uhh... it's a shame this has to be the last review, because all things considered it's probably one of the mo important records reviewed this issue, so pay attention if you're at all into hardcore punk. Basically, what you have here is a split release between two Brazilian (Mukena I Rato and Jazzus) and two Australian (Cheapshot and The Dead Stares) hardcore bands. Every band is awesome on this record, and the dirty Deadstare recording is cruci (except for the live show! What the fuck?!). I'm really into the way the Brazilian bands fuck with the style of what they're playing, heaps of awesome transitions ar unexpected riffs. And Cheapshot, fuck, I was listening to a record the other day that sounded heaps like this band, I just can't remember who it was. Any, Cheapshot a influenced by all the early 80's hardcore stuff you listened to before it stopped being cool, so check them out. Public Notice: this zine would like to thank both labels f putting this record out, bridging the gaps between punk kids worldwide and, evidently, exposing the world to more obscure punk bands. (DX)
obscure punk bands. (DX)

INTEGRITY
photo: Trustkill

Hardcore 2002:

For those discontent with mainstream society... and want to destroy it!

"It's up to the artists and musicians to blast through the dead shells that surround our hearts and bring us, the dead, back to life. Only they can teach us what it is to feel deeply - what it is to want things again. Music sings back to us our own hatreds and loves, our own lives, intensified; it can help us to make sense of this absurd world if anything can. One song which makes a person feel some emotion for an instant is more revolutionary than ten thousand bombs exploding... for that is what we are fighting for - to have emotions again, to be individuals again, to know what it is to be human beings outside the cages of modern life."

It's been twenty odd years, and we're still out of step, we're still out for revenge, we're still 'the crew'. Some of us have the p.m.a., and some of us just can't hate enough.

It's been twenty-five odd years, longer than some of us (hey, me included!) have been alive, and hardcore, in 2002, still has some meaning to this world.

And so, we gather here, in 2002, to celebrate and recognise the timeless and universal spirit of the hardcore community, right?

Right? Well, I don't know: Hardcore in 2002 is as confused, exciting and angry as it always has been, but it always has room for growth. We need to expand the meaning as well as the community, and I guess it starts right here:

Why are you here?

What does this mean to you?

Imagine if the hardcore scene wasn't just a bunch of kids wearing funny clothes, practising their dance moves and camera angles at punk shows once every couple of weeks. Imagine if hardcore wasn't just a 'youth culture', a way for insecure adolescents to purchase a prefabricated identity from merchants who profit from their insecurities. Imagine if hardcore made up genuine resistance to the system we claim to fight. Imagine if hardcore was a network of people who worked together to bring down the establishment and make life exciting. That doesn't sound impossible, does it?

It isn't. There are people in this community right now who are making this a reality. Across the country, across the world, they come together at punk shows, meet in rented houses, roam prohibited industrial zones, give knowing nods to one another in anti-corporate protests, shoplift food for one another, and trade schemes and dreams, laying the groundwork for a dangerous, exciting future. Join them – us! – in using hardcore to it's fullest potential!

Just in case this becomes too bogged down in terminology, the premise of this has been to analyse how hardcore can be more than 'music', for those who want more from it than mosh beats

and 7" records. This isn't about the best new record on Resist or which band has the funnest live show, it's about looking into exactly what brings some of us to hardcore in the first place: an outlet for our anger and a channel for our rebellion.

Hardcore 2002 (The Present Day!):

Today there are hardcore punk communities and individuals from Finland to Malaysia, from Brazil to South Australia. The community, taken as a whole, stretches across most of the world, loosely connected by a grass roots network which largely consists of people who release / distribute independent records and magazines, and people who play / book shows for independent bands. In many respects, it seems similar to other less dangerous subcultures: centring around music and made up of young people, it uses rebellion as it's currency (that is, it makes currency off rebellion – there's almost as much capitalist profiteering in hardcore circles as there is in the hip-hop / rave scenes).

But hardcore differs from most other 'youth cultures' in a couple of important ways: first, there is an emphasis on keeping everything independent, on individuals doing everything (distribution of information, organising shows and other gatherings, etc.) themselves. This is significant because it prevents external interests such as corporations from exerting control over what goes on in hardcore; it also means that in a time when most people are increasingly used to being separated from others, and being passively acted upon by social forces they see beyond their control, members of the hardcore community are coming together to interact and join forces, and are still used to the ideas of thinking and acting for themselves. Second, as a result of this freedom from corporate control and this active exchange of ideas, certain radical trains of thought have been able to take root and develop within the hardcore community. So, unlike most so-called counter-cultures, hardcore punk not only uses discontent as a starting point, but also provides an environment in which an analysis of the causes of this discontent can take place.

Consequently, at the centre of the hardcore community, there [redacted] a force of truly revolutionary potential. They are interested in far more than just buying rebellious records and clothing. They may not know how to go about it yet, but the desire is there in their hearts for real change in their lives and their world. Sadly, most of these individuals will eventually pass on from the hardcore community, either to rejoin the lumpen mass of silent, broken willed humanity, or to join smaller but more active radical groups. Many of them will become tired of waiting in vain for real action to come from within the hardcore community; others will lose their idealistic image of hardcore and give up on it out of impatience with the less radical thinking (or lack thereof) of the socialites and scenesters around them. And so they will leave hardcore punk, usually for circles that offer less of the qualities they sought for in vain within the hardcore community. (I'm sure we all know people like this, people who we meet in the street asking us if we're *still* straight edge, or wondering whether we'd forgotten about punk rock yet...)

Unless, that is, they mobilise themselves (*we* mobilise *ourselves*) to take advantage of the opportunities for revolutionary action that hardcore punk does offer.

(Note: Please don't let the continuous use of (admittedly stale) terms like 'revolutionary' bore you or drive you away. To be revolutionary is simply to act to change things that frustrate you. If you have a job that you feel is a waste of time, and you find a way to survive without it and spend your time in a better way, that is revolutionary; if you just keep going to work and complaining about it, then you are a sucker. If you feel angry that your life is effected by so many forces that seem beyond your control, and you work together with others to take back control, that is revolutionary; if you just complain and do nothing, then you are a sucker. Being a revolutionary in today's society is simple: it means not being a sucker.)

Hardcore 2002, Part II (Where Can We Go From Here?):

We must not demand the world from hardcore, when it's central theme is a group of kids playing music together. If we expect it to change the world on it's own, we will be sorely disappointed. But it would be foolish to conclude from this that hardcore is completely pointless and hopeless, as so many have done before. For, as we have seen, it holds an incredible potential. I challenge you to find a subculture with a higher number of explicitly anti-establishment, anti-authoritarian young people involved in it. Why, then, should we not take advantage of this? Those of you who desire more from hardcore than just another social club – do not let yourselves be alienated by the elements of the hardcore scene that strike you as immature and unintelligent. There are a thousand good things about hardcore punk you should use to your advantage. Don't think you must lower yourself to the level of intelligence you see around you, or else leave hardcore; raise the level of intellectual exchange with others in hardcore as far as you see fit – there are plenty of intelligent people in hardcore punk who can handle it.

Think of the hardcore community as a possible pool of co-conspirators, from which you can draw companions in your own explorations and undertakings. Think about the opportunities the already-established networks of communication offer you to exchange ideas with others – you don't have to use bands just to interview bands, you know. Think about hardcore as a place where you have the chance to meet like-minded people and work with them.

That is how hardcore punk could realise it's potential: through the formation of active groups from it's ranks. In this way, the individuals who want to participate in more than token rebellion can work together to achieve that goal. Literally thousands of musical groups have formed by means of the network hardcore punk provides; why should other kinds of groups not form?

We could have groups of people organising in a similar manner to Food Not Bombs and providing food that would otherwise be thrown away to the rest of us. We could have groups of daring petty criminals who provide the less criminally minded of us with the food and books we'd otherwise have to work jobs we hate to pay for, and in exchange we could provide them with the resources that they most likely cannot access, like a place to stay or internet access. We could have urban terroist vandalism squads, who provide our own vision of art, as dangerous and exciting as punk is meant to be (art as crime, crime as art). We could have groups of people discussing the social and political issues that effect us, in a non-alienating Leftist sense, and encouraging the other groups of us to mobilise in defence of ourselves and our communities. We could have record and zine libraries that all of us could access, and then tape / photocopy things that interest us, rather than all of us purchasing (again, buying, buying, buying) every item that comes our way. We could organise shows with other counter-cultural groups, and exchange ideas and methods of revolt. We could have groups of urban explorers, who attempt to take back the communities we live in by exploring all the 'No Entry' areas which we are kept out of by the powers that be... and then sharing the experience with the rest of us. We could have groups of office workers who can offer the rest of us the privileges of their employment (like free photocopying, stamps and other such necessities). And there should be groups that form for the sake of doing things that aren't explicitly political, like travelling, learning, creating art and sharing childcare – things that are just as revolutionary as any protest could be. All these things can be as fun, creative and rewarding as playing in bands... why, then, do we so often limit ourselves to simply 'playing music'? Let's make hardcore revolve around more than just buying or selling records.

Hardcore 2002 And Onwards (A Warzone?):

There is a war going on right now for the soul of hardcore punk. On one side are the forces that would keep it just another youth subculture, a mere imitation of mainstream capitalist society that money-hungry record labels (and the kids who accept their lack of substance / integrity) are guilty of, promoting a shallow scene of music, fashion and consumption. On the other side are all the dreams, desires and ideas of the men and women who have come to hardcore because they want more from life than the mainstream has to offer. This conflict has existed since the very beginning of hardcore. It is the result of the contradiction inherent to all counter-cultures: between the real desire for freedom, and the tendency for rebels to merely imitate the forces they claim to be reacting against. The people who want hardcore to be a real threat to the system can win this war by joining together in groups that will do more than just make / sell music and music related products. By providing a fertile soil for activist groups like these to develop, the hardcore community can become something truly dangerous to the status quo.

So, keep writing zines, keep listening to records, keep doing the things that you love in hardcore. But be aware of how much potential you and people you trade those zines with and tape those records for have together. Try to do something with that potential! And don't let yourself become disillusioned with hardcore and give up on it; make it into what it needs to be to still be exciting for you. You owe that to yourself, and to every younger person who is looking for something exciting in his or her life... just as you owe it to yourself to figure out what you want in this world, and how to get it!

Hardcore 2002: A Personal Account

Up until last year, I hadn't listened to anything but hardcore for years. I started hearing more and more music from other scenes, and other disciplines that interested me. This was one of the first times in my life I'd expanded my taste outside of the narrow discipline of hardcore punk.

The reason being was, when I first came to punk, it wasn't because I liked music. The opposite in fact: I'd heard of the high aspirations and deep emotions music was contended to evoke, but all I could hear was an industry of noise, sweet and happy and plastic tunes, that had no relevance to my life. When I was a teenager, the only music I listened to was on my radio as I studied or went to sleep, and this was everything ranging from Coolio to Niki French. Nothing held my attention, because nothing seemed worth attention.

In truth, I was against art, seeing nothing of worth in it but pretentious attitudes and lies, not even pretty lies, but blatant untruths told to further industries and make people rich. Music held this place in my mind: it was nothing but background noise.

When I came to punk, it was because it was the only music that seemed to make sense, precisely because it seemed to be against music. The screeching guitars and misplaced drum beats, incoherant screaming and deep thundering bass lines weren't intended to market products, they were trying to rip the idea of markets and products from my head for just one second, to convince me that business as usual was the most inhuman of crimes. It wasn't pretty, and it wasn't to sell, and it made *sense*. This was Minor Threat, Black Flag, Bad Religion and DFL, all broadly different, but unified in what seemed to be a blatant contempt for the status quo, be that musically or ideologically.

As time has worn on, my taste in hardcore music has expanded to some of the most technically proficient bands on earth, in my opinion: Converge, Catharsis, Fugazi, Botch. All bands attempting to turn this music on it's head, to pull out tunes and rythms and beats so unfamiliar that music is recreated finally.

But I still listen to Black Flag with that same irreverant disgust for music and art and society that it always held in my mind.

As I said, now you'll be just as likely to hear me listening to Nick Cave as you would Minor Threat, but it is only through hardcore

that I am able to appreciate the music that once seemed irrelevant and closed to me. I'm one of the people who liked Minor Threat *before* they heard Fugazi or recognised Sonic Youth's cover of 'Nic Fit' as an early 80's hardcore song by a DC band called The Untouchables (as opposed to hearing the song as a song Sonic Youth covered, if you follow?). Hardcore, 2002, is just as amazing and inspiring as always to me, because it has given me the space to discover music from an informed and critical perspective, and to understand when music is well intended, or just full of shit.

It's been over five years since I started listening to hardcore punk, and over that time my life has changed considerably. While I could confidently state five years ago I'd still be a part of this movement, I had no idea how far that it would take me. I've seen shows in basements, living rooms (my own!), bedrooms, halls, artspaces, squats... In cities as far between as Melbourne, Australia and Springfield, US... and I've been in a handful of punk bands, written a couple of handfuls worth of zineage and know the lyrics to possibly thousands of bad youth crew anthems.

So, what makes hardcore still relevant to *my* life over all these years?

I think this comes down to the music, primarily. Hardcore music speaks of the highest intentions and aspirations. For every early '80s punk song shouting down racism and jock mentality, the hardcore community has a tradition of anti-tradition, a hatred of contemporary values and the status quo, and a desire to set oneself apart from the crowd even if it risks mockery and contempt, because it only makes sense to not conform to social demands and pressures. This emotion is not restricted to the teenage years living under the wing of the parents, and it's not surprising to see most people let their understanding of hardcore end as soon as they have to "join the real world" and start working or living away from home. Everyone who has listened to hardcore music for more than a couple of months knows of people who have zealously proclaimed their individuality and beliefs, only to trudge sullenly into the darkness of the consumerist nightmare because it was too much for them to carry their aspirations on.

On the other hand, there are those of us who know they cannot give in. Through everything that has happened in the past five years, from getting kicked out of home and finishing high school to dropping out of university and getting a job, to travelling the US and returning to an unfamiliar home, the lessons I've learnt from hardcore – to have tenacity, commitment and dedication – have been the most important. Most people don't understand why straight edge and veganism have to be such extreme and militant decisions for me: it's because I've come to learn that some people have conviction, and other people have empty words used to inflate egos and act a part.

I've also learnt from this experience that most people are threatened by the idea of straight edge and veganism, even in hardcore, because both are commitments that are openly hostile to the values and beliefs of mainstream society. This idea that straight edge people are assholes and hostile to the happiness and freedom of other people is a ridiculous myth perpetuated by insecure people, and has been so ever since I first drew an X on my hand five years ago, and is so today... some things never change, so they say!

Hardcore talks a lot about these ideas: non-conformity, conviction, autonomy and independence. The reality, of course, exists somewhere outside of these aspirations, but this can only be tempered by those who actually do take these ideas seriously pushing themselves as far as they can in the pursuit of such convictions.

If we do take these ideas seriously, then we have everything to gain by establishing and strengthening the networks of communication that make such aspirations reality. From offering travelling punks places to stay to providing spaces within our community for the less priveleged members to exert influence and communication, this will come with learning to trust one another, and, of course... the world.

So, almost every article about hardcore ends with whinging about how much it sucks and how better things were way back *never*! I'd like to end this saying hardcore fucking rules... and it only sucks if *you* suck and aren't doing anything to stop it from sucking. If the community you're involved with has problems, then it's your responsibility to do the best you can to right them.

To all the god free criminals that call themselves hardcore, punk rock, whatever: here's to another year...

The Art Of: Kathe Kollwitz

Although it would be appropriate for me to say that I'd been a fan of her art for years, it would be an untruth: I have admired Kathe Kollwitz's art for several years, as it has appeared plagiarised on the cover of several hardcore punk records, but the interest was detatched and I never bothered to follow my admiration to questioning whom the artist was responsible for the cover of the All Out War 7" or the One Thing That Still Holds True compilation.

Last year my friend lent me a copy of a collection of her art to look at. The book, 'Prints And Drawings Of Kathe Kollwitz' (Published by Dover), contains some of the most gripping prints and, uh, drawings (!) I've seen.

And while I'd love to research her life and give a concise biography about her experiences, her inspirations, her dreams, and losses, I think the introduction to this book does that far better than I have the patience or aspiration to. Instead, I will recount that Kathe Kollwitz was not explicitily political, in that she did not draw for the workers struggle, she did not make prints for propoganda posters or pro-working class rally drawcards. What she attempted to portray was life as she understood it, working life, yes, but also life in that vague 'everyday' sense: suffering, losing, dying. I quote Carl Zigrosser from the introduction of her book:

"What was the ultimate drive that carried her through seventy eight years of creative life? It was, in my opinion, a moral or philosophical imperative. Like most of the socially concious artists of her time, she lived in a world of conflicting social patterns and of individual reactions to them. The ethic of her social conscience was a personal evaluation of right and wrong, and not a tactic of organised mass movements, it was social justice and not the economic interpretation of history.

"However much she may understand and sympathise with the revolutionary gesture of the class struggle, it was not her motivation... The sense of suffering humanity found utterance through her talent as a dramatic artist. It was almost a Buddhistic conception, life as a vale of tears, a tragic error, a futile involvement in the wheel of causation with it's never ending round of ignorance, desire and pain. She suffered much and attained a degree of philosophic detachment.

"From this height, she could look on others with understanding and compassion. This attitude gives special meaning to her last opus on Death. It throws light on the particularly somber tone of her whole work. Those who do not possess this detachment find her work gloomy and oppressive. Life is not like that, they say. Life is many things. This was the facet she saw. Temperament and experience impose on every artist the direction of their talent; we accept this limitation. We do not ask of Michelangelo that we be frivolous or of Fragonard that he be melancholy."

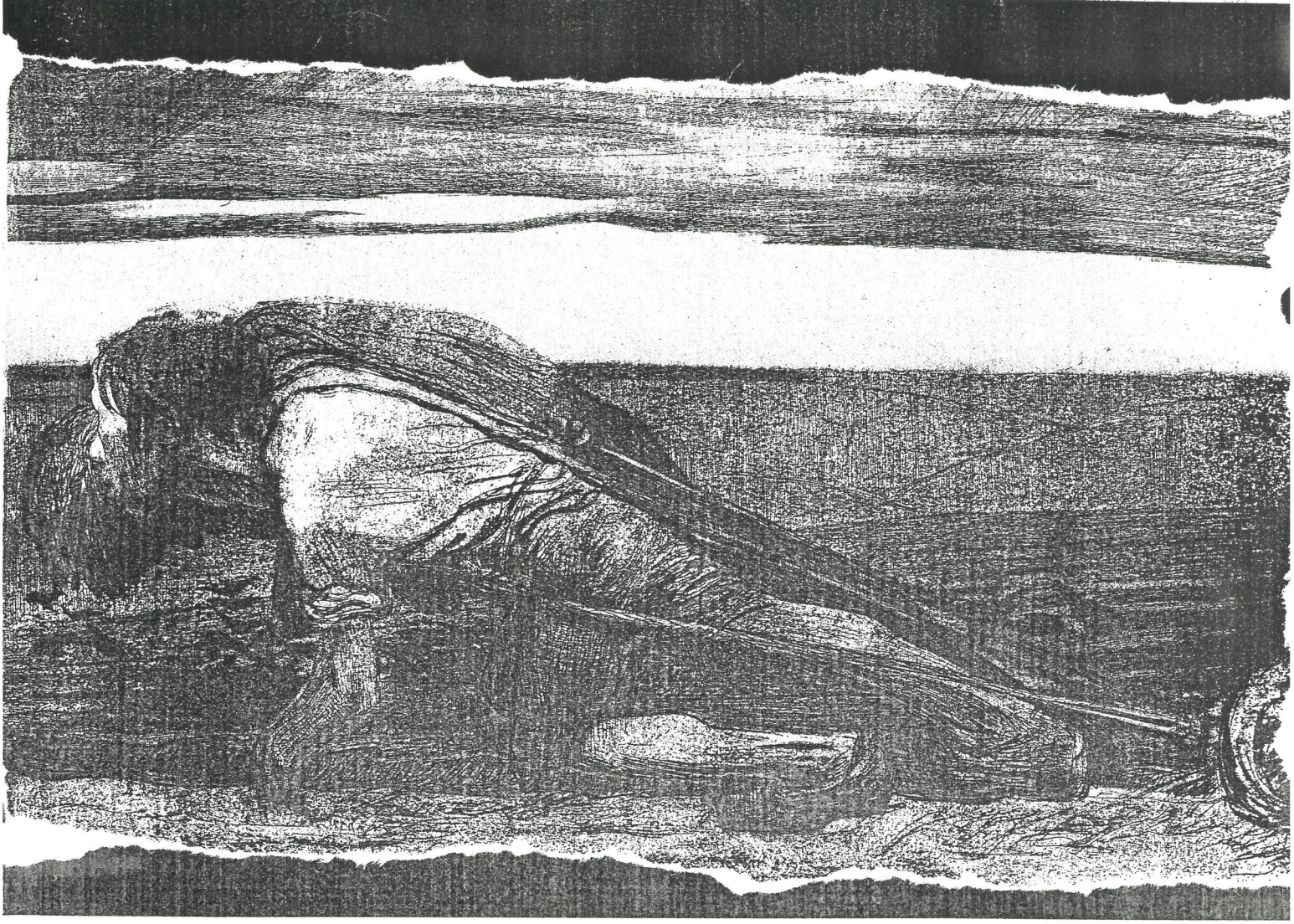
Underlying all of this, I see, is the struggling spirit of strength and the desire for control. Death manifests itself as neither a friend or an enemy, but a stranger The idiotic arm of state control and oppression stifles not the spirit of life, but it's hand in oppression is not unfelt, when you look into the eyes and faces of Kollwitz's characters, you can see burning wrath, of an intense, poetic nature. In these faces you see the grimaces of resiliance Steinbeck alluded to in his masterpiece 'Grapes Of Wrath'.

For more information, please get in touch, or check out the book, probably available at your local library.

The artworks that follow are titled as follows:
The Prisoners
The Last Resort
Plowing
Uprising
Death Swoops

And the artwork that carries the centre spread of the issue is titled:
The Downtrodden

And the artwork that was defaced and brutalised for the TRIAL i/v:
Karl Liebknecht Memorial



a modest proposal...

invocation

To fire, to burning, to regeneration. To lust, love, and hate. To all the scribes and practitioners of magic through whom these have been manifested... nothing is true, everything is permitted. And to all those who would use this as an invitation to restrict the rights of others: the day will come when your head will be on the block.

a modest proposal...

This I thought about as I walked to the medical center:

I couldn't afford a new pair of decent shoes: the one's I was wearing were given to me by a friend in Greensboro, NC, and interestingly enough, belonged to the ex-bass player from *two* of my favourite hardcore bands. These shoes, red all star sneakers, canvas, as new, were too small for me and cramped my feet. I thought about how the shoes I was wearing before these, a pair I'd managed to acquire without paying for from the kind retailers of a Canberra skate store, well, those were too small, and they cramped my feet, too. And, the other shoes someone had found on the side of the road, watersoaked. He dried them and gave them to me. Black basketball sneakers, slightly worn. Now, falling apart. I couldn't afford new shoes, a miserable prospect considering how important shoes were in our concrete world.

I also thought about the fact I hadn't been to the medical center in a very long time. I'd read enough about the medical 'industry' to know that many doctors had less than honourable intentions when they considered my ailment and prescribed an antibiotic or drug to remedy them. This is not to say all doctors are corrupt motherfuckers receiving money from drug companies – I know most doctors have my best interest at heart. But, not being able to trust them with my health is a pretty big deal, and I was feeling very sick. Fortunately, my sickness wasn't too serious.

This I thought about on the way home:

After making a brief visit to Woolworth's and learning o the wonders of a large overcoat in a corporate food store, I wa reminded of the joy of *not paying for things!* A risky thing to prin anywhere, and I am completely paranoid of this falling into hands with the interest of the corporate state at hand, but it must be said! Le this fall into hands of romantic criminals, those who believe, no matte how naïve it may sound, that not paying for things is an excellent step toward demanding *everything be for free.* And I was reminded of a day when, Hansel and Gretel-like, she and I walked home from the store, and I remarked that there's nothing quite like the sound of stolen pistachio shells bouncing off the pavement behind you. Turn to leave the forest, and you'll find the same grey buildings and alienating urban sprawl, but along the ground behind you, stretching toward the infinite and impossible, a trail of pistachio shells shining like stars in the sky, the stars you remember from the nights skinny-dipping in coldest winter. Somehow, like the writing on the wall urging the reader to 'demand the impossible', those shells are a code, a trail to leave for anyone willing to *live.*

I'm not sure who said it, and I'm not sure that I want to give anyone credit for saying anything at the moment, for I could say it better. But I said that everyday life is a struggle to stay true to myself and honouring my desires, everyday is an attempt to make my life and the lives of the people around me better for having woken that morning.

But more: much more. I demand more than the life of quiet complacency, of polite consumption. The fact I can't afford a new pair of shoes that won't fall apart on me in six months, the fact I can't trust the doctor to help me if I'm sick, the fact that there are people employed to keep hungry people hungry, sick people sick, and dying people dead, all the facts of exploitation and repression, of life and lives, these facts build up into the alien walls of this world that demands conformity and complacency. And the moments of beauty, to which this magazine is built up from and dedicated to, can be few

and far between, like the life I lived in dedication to whatever society told me was true and real and desirable. But, as I've found when I demand control over all aspects of my life, the moments of beauty can stretch into days, months.

Of course, there is no perfect world, and there is no perfect way to get to a perfect world. But there is a world that exists, right now. It exists in every town I visited when travelling the US, when punk kids had gotten together to squat or live communally, and offered me space to sleep, food to eat, and adventures stories to exchange. It exists in the town I live in, when, on occasion, we'll throw back the constraints like the lid of a dumpster and eat free food, swim naked, explore industrial sites, skate carparks, share food, beds, and stories. The stories are the world whenever we can fall in love or hate passionately, the world when we share without malice.

Sometimes it's so easy to get disheartened with life, to surrendor without complaint to the cold grip of despair. We all suffer the wounds of broken relationships, friends who died young, poverty, mistrust and greed, and we suffer them daily, ritually, all of us bound together with barbed wire and bathed in tears. I've always maintained the most tragic thing isn't the fact these relationships end in blood and tears, and that our friends and family die, have died and will always die. The tragedy here is when we flee from inevitability into the arms of drugs, despair, disillusionment, debt and depression.

And all of the friends who lose a loved one and mutilate themselves in the ecstasy of self destruction. It's so fucking tragic, so fucking pointless! It's getting us nowhere but in more painful and frightening places, and I'm so fucking sick of seeing more of the people I love and care for drowning themselves in this despair! And it sounds so fucking trite to say it, being that I've been there myself – I can only say that I know how it feels to lose, and to keep on losing, and to feel like you'll never keep anything, ever.

To all of you, my friends or otherwise, I can only urge you: *try harder!* Don't settle for mediocrity or polite consumerism. Don't settle for expensive clothes, a cushy job and a nice record collection. Don't settle for pain, because there is more to life than pain and hate. Don't settle for anything less than the world, and then, set it on fire, with honesty, with love, with beauty!

We want the world, and we want it on fire!

I wanted to scream, but I could see it wouldn't raise an eyebrow or steal a glance. We've all grown so old, and our calloused skin is numb to the slightest touch or caress of life. We've all grown so scared, covering our skin with cloth and gold and looking forever inward, staring into the depths of our pupils and seeing...

Nothing, nothing.

I could see myself bite and scratch, I could see blood running from open wounds, tears pouring from salted eyes, and I could see everyone walking by.

There's got to be something to pull us all from the dank pits we're drowning in, and that something is worth trying for if anything is. I'm so sick, so sick, and I can see that sickness whenever I look into your eyes...

And your eyes, and your eyes, and your eyes.

So, let's stop fucking around. Let's stop with the lies and the bullshit, the insecurities and the paranoia.

You friend: you don't need to waste your life working for things you don't need.

You. Friend: you don't have to be scared anymore, because god is dead.

You, friend: I love you and I want you safe.

And free.

bleed
MAYDAY
photo: Sean Ingram

final word

1. The email contact for the zine is now xonxfirex@hotmail.com.
2. I am compiling a collection of hardcore / punk rock tattoos for a zine I plan to put out, along the lines of 'Hardcore Ink', but in black and white and minus the corporate 'let's sell the subculture' feel to it of that zine. This is planned for a biannual release, but the more photos the better. NO FLASH PLEASE. Also, interviews with punk rock tattooists, DIY tattooing / scarring / piercing, anything so related would be excellent. Write for more information. Advertisers desperately needed for this venture!
3. Next issue will have FREE classified advertisements. I'd much prefer this to the pages of pages of advertising most zines become subject to. If you have a project you wish to promote, just send me a short blurb of information for it... please.
4. Next issue will also feature a 'forum' section, so if you feel inclined to contribute any writing / criticism, please send it as soon as possible.
5. Distributers needed.
6. I'm interested in organising a network of Australian anarcho-punk zine's / bands / distributers. I'm feeling very isolated from everyone at the moment, and would love there to be some kind of newsletter for us to contribute to and interact with; I'm happy to coordinate it, but I'd like to know if such a thing already exists, and if not, who is interested in organising something? Also, I hear about talks of an anarcho-punk festival being organised... true?
7. A whole bunch of awesome records are just coming out of Australia: keep your eyes out for the Deadstare/FLL split 7", the Nintendo Police CD, the Syndicate CD, and the upcoming Pure Evil demo.

[redacted]

9. This issue is for K., hitchhiking across Europe; R. hitchhiking across Australia, and L., who's never hitchhiked, but whom I love...
10. And everything in this issue is for entertainment purposes, oh lawyers and associated lawmen; for the rest of you, hopefully fuel for the fire?

Don't listen to the laws of science, and don't listen to the laws!

Don't believe it when they say not everything is flammable; they said I couldn't set glass on fire, but I saw sparks dance when my fist hit that window, and it burnt a cut along the side of my thumb with flames of a scarlet beauty.

Yes, I've seen concrete come alive with dancing, when the colours of chalk puncture like a jackhammer and grass green burns through it's frightened cracks.

Look carefully, and you'll see the walls of corporate buildings develop a beating heart when a brick opens their skin, or a spraycan acts as an IV tube into the cadaver of what must have been a beautiful boulder.

All it takes is a little faith, a little trust, a little magic.

A touch of despair and a passion for the destruction of senseless tragedies and oppressive unfreedoms.

Tread through the corpses of houses condemned, and you'll find amid asbestos and rat shit a glimmer of a sigh, a twinkling of relief as the bugs march in to claim abandoned food, as the mould and the fungus creep over the rotting clothes and carpet.

Sneak through the fetus of an apartment block, all skeletal structures of concrete and metal, and you can hear the tears carved into the stone.

And I've seen despair in the 'FOR SALE' signs.

You can smell blood on our streets, on our money, in the exhaust fumes of a car, and that is death and surrendor.

So don't listen to the laws, and don't listen to the laws of silence.

Because with enough power, enough energy, enough passion, we can set anything on fire and breathe life into dying streets.

Because the world is crying out for more beauty, more joy and more life, and we have to stop killing eachother and it.

Because there are forces that exist in this world to have us hate and despise eachother, to calm every raging fire and die lonely, sad and frightened.

Because demanding anything less than beauty and joy and exhiliration and freedom - a world on fire, a world alight! - is to settle for all the boredom and tragedy of the cold, frozen wasteland.

WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT ON FIRE...

PO BOX U69
WOLLONGONG UNI
WOLLONGONG
NSW, 2500
AUSTRALIA

a mouthpiece of the crimethinc (down)underground